

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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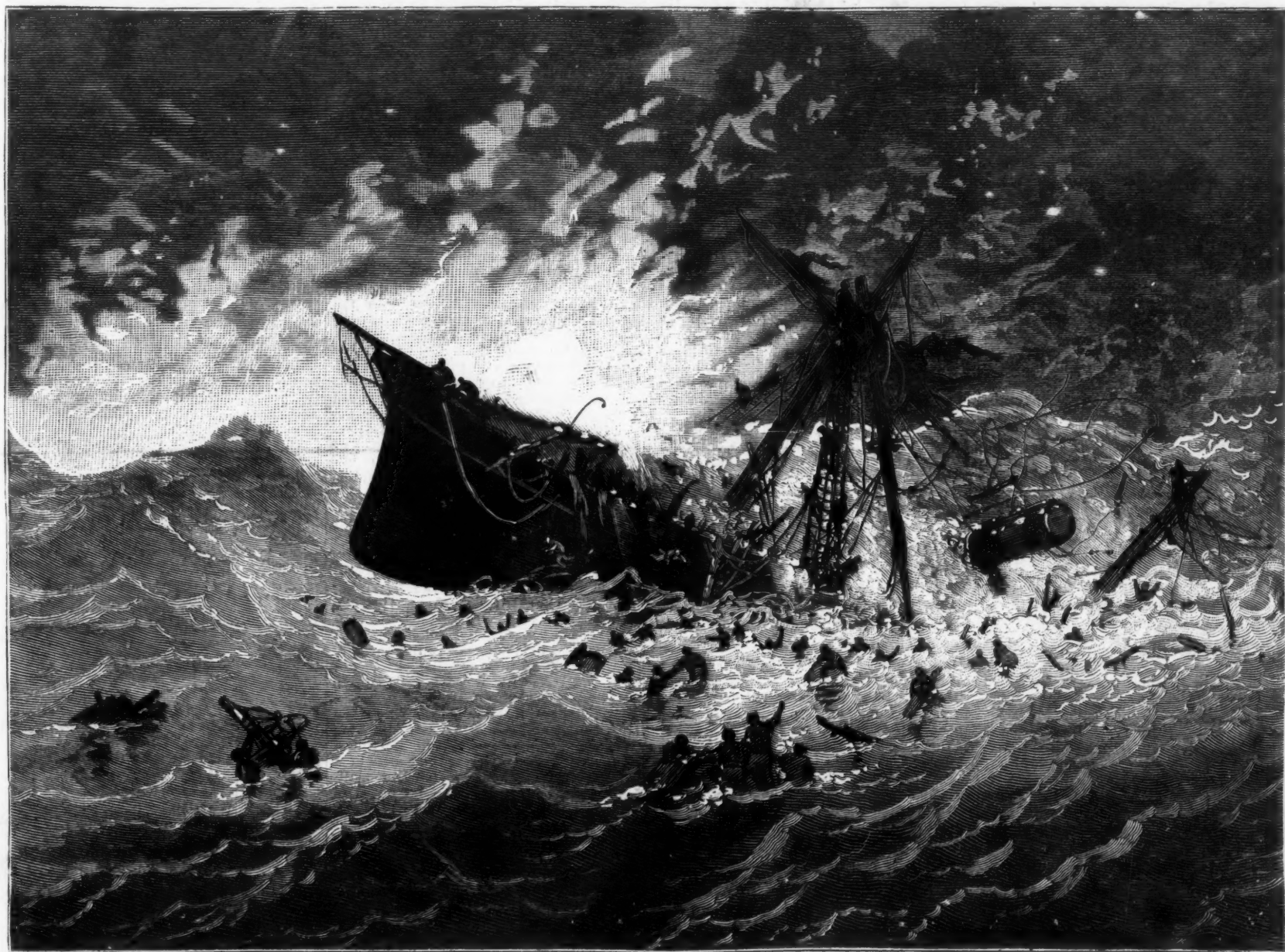
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SCENE ON THE BEACH, NEAR ST. AUGUSTINE, AFTER THE FOUNDERING.



CHAMBER BURYING THE BODIES WASHED ASHORE AT MATANZAS.



FOUNDERING OF THE SHIP AT 5:30 A. M., AFTER BEING SWEEPED BY THE CYCLONE.

LOSS OF THE HAVANA STEAMSHIP "CITY OF VERA CRUZ" OFF THE FLORIDA COAST, ON SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 29TH.  
FROM SKETCHES BY FERD. MORENO AND J. C. H. STILES.—SEE PAGE 39.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 18, 1880.

A NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In No. 1,307 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be commenced the publication of a powerful serial story, entitled "THE BLACK ROBE," by WILKIE COLLINS. This story, which will be published by us exclusively from advance sheets purchased directly of the author, possesses all the attractions of style, ingenuity of plot and felicitous delineation of character which peculiarly distinguish Mr. Collins's works, and will, we are confident, afford genuine enjoyment to our readers. Persons who desire to have the story complete, as presented in our columns, should send in their subscriptions at once.

POLITICAL "INTIMIDATION."

OUR Independent Republican contemporary, the New York Nation, in recently commenting on the Southern question as involved in the pending Presidential canvass, took occasion to express its belief that "intimidation of colored voters is the rule, and the absence of it the exception, in the Gulf States, that it prevails largely elsewhere; and that it prevails to the greatest extent and is most effective in those places where the colored population is most numerous in proportion to the whole." But while accepting the truth of this representation, our contemporary proceeded to say that it can see no remedy for such a condition of things which does not begin "by infusing courage in the intimidated class." Intimidation finds its ready, if wicked, agents at the South, because it finds its ready-made subjects in the persons of the poor and ignorant blacks, who have been clothed with the elective franchise without knowing how to use it for their own protection or for the welfare of the community. "No person or class liable to be intimidated, bribed or cajoled can be counted," adds the Nation, "as having any political opinions. All such persons are worthless as political factors."

To many minds there will doubtless seem to be a very discernible trace of cynicism, or, at least, of cold political realism, in such frank admissions with regard to the extent of "intimidation" at the South, accompanied as they are with the expressed belief that there is no cure for it except such a cure as shall work a change "in the colored voter's character as well as in his surroundings." But to the reflecting observer it must be obvious that any remedy which is less radical than this must fail to work a cure which shall be permanent as well as thorough.

That the crime of "intimidation" on the part of the whites at the South has its seat in the weakness and ignorance of the colored voters was frankly admitted by the white and colored Republicans of that section who participated in the "conference" held in this city at the opening of the canvass. That experienced political manager, Colonel Sypher, of Louisiana, avowed the opinion that "the black majority at the South is not a safe basis of political power," because it lacks the presence of enough "brave and resolute white men to organize the Republican voters"; and, as a case in point, he instanced Alabama, where, as he said, "the Republican vote had been entirely wiped out because of the lack of a white element resolute enough to sustain it." And ex-Governor Pinchback, speaking for his race in this same "conference," fully indorsed the statements of Colonel Sypher, and explained the decline of the colored Republican Party at the South by the fact that "the colored men have never been taught, from the hour of their enfranchisement to this day, to exercise their manhood."

It will thus be seen that the nature and the inveteracy of the disease are frankly acknowledged even by those who, for political reasons, are not indisposed to assign to it the greatest possible extent. As to the real extent of the evil, we have no means of judging. On the one hand, its existence, to any appreciable degree, is entirely denied by the Democrats, while, on the other, its wide prevalence is assumed by the Republicans in explanation of their overthrow in States like South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana, and also in justification of the grounds on which they contend that the whites of the South should not be intrusted with political power at Washington. Perhaps here, as in so many other instances, the truth lies in the middle—that there is more "intimidation" than the Democrats are willing to admit, and not so much as the Republicans are swift to charge.

But whether it exist in a greater or in a less degree, there can be no doubt as to the sources by which the evil is fed. The colored voter is a prey to the terrors of the "intimidator" because he is, by nature

and by the force of ancient habit, submissive and timid in the presence of the "old master" race. To expect that it should be otherwise is to expect that Caucasian nature in South Carolina should besomething different from Caucasian nature in Massachusetts, if the circumstances of the case were reversed; and it is to expect, besides, that the blood that has crept through slaves for hundreds of years can be converted into the blood of hereditary freemen by an amendment to the Constitution or an Act of Congress.

In so saying we are making no excuse for the crime of "intimidation," as committed by the white race at the South, or as charged by its Republican accusers. We are simply probing the seat of the disease that the nature of the remedy may be apparent to the candid reader. We read in the Holy Book that "there is a need be that offenses come," but, it is added, "woe to him by whom the offense cometh." The offenses committed against the political rights of the colored voter at the South are sometimes excused in the name of "civilization," said to be placed in jeopardy by the predominance of an ignorant class, totally unfitted for the arts of government. We are pointed to the experiences of South Carolina, in the days of the carpetbag domination, when, as Governor Chamberlain mournfully wrote, "the civilization of the Huguenot and of the Puritan was in peril." But such excuses as these only emphasize the existence of the evil which they are meant to palliate. They plead in extenuation of wrong-doing the maxim that there is a "needs be that offenses come," without affording any shelter against the woe denounced on him by whom the offense cometh. The very suspicion of "intimidation" is a source of constant reproach to the whites of the South, and there will be a suspicion of it as long as there is enough of ignorance and infirmity in the colored race to justify and nurture such a suspicion.

Nothing but the education, the political enlightenment and the material prosperity of the colored voters, as a mass, can serve to make them valuable "political factors" in the State. The blacks of the South will never be "a safe basis of political power" either to their party or to the country until that power rests on intelligence and on property—the two great predominant factors in every civilized society. The forces of free discussion must divide the colored vote as, under the play of these forces, the vote of the whites is divided at the North. The Republicans must renounce their claim to the negro's vote because he is black, and because he "belongs" to their party by natural right. They must establish their claim to his suffrage, as well as the Democrats must establish theirs, by an appeal to his intellect and to his interests. Anything less than this will leave room for "intimidation," or for the suspicion of it.

In so saying we have pronounced an opinion on many political specifics offered periodically for the cure of "intimidation." It is not to be cured by new Acts of Congress, by a new appeal to the power of the bayonet, not even by more rigid Federal election laws or by their more punitive enforcement. Just as little can it be cured, as Mr. Blaine argues, by bringing the coercive power of a "Solid North" to bear on the coercive power of a "Solid South." This is to make the evil organic, and to plant it as a perennial root of bitterness in the very bosom of the republic. The root must be exterminated, and it can be exterminated by nothing less than the same intelligence and manhood which enable the white man to know his rights—and to maintain them. And hence it is as a step in this direction, but only a step, that we should welcome the discussion of pending political issues before the colored voters of the South by the ablest among the Republican speakers of the North. It would not inaugurate a political millennium, but it would be the beginning of a new era for the politics of the North as well as the politics of the South.

SOUTHERN PROSPERITY

THE South is sharing equally with the North the benefits of the business "boom" which has set in within the last year. Not only are old industries active and prosperous, but many new enterprises have been started which give employment to skilled laborers and bring handsome returns to capital. The New Orleans Picayune, speaking of the prosperous condition of affairs in that city, says:

"The season just drawing to a close has been propitious. The commerce of the city has expanded beyond expectations. The imports and exports aggregate \$104,000,000, against \$71,000,000 last year—an increase of nearly fifty per cent. The clearings of the associated banks, which very closely reflect the volume of business, have reached the splendid aggregate of \$450,000,000, overtopping the figures of the preceding season nearly \$100,000,000. A million and a quarter tons of shipping have come to our wharves and obtained cargoes. We have dispatched 900,000 tons of shipping to foreign ports, an amount never equaled in the palm days before the war. We have handled more cotton than ever came here since 1861. The grain trade has expanded until it has furnished whole or partial cargoes to 318 vessels—one for every working-day in the year. The manufacturing interests of the city have had an unequalled prosperity. Northern capital has passed

judgment upon our future by coming in to supply the needed transportation facilities. More miles of rails will be laid within the State during the next year than during any twelve months in our history. Western shippers are busy supplying the barge tonnage demanded for the Western trade. The land lines of the Northwest have been brought into co-operation with the water route, and are becoming auxiliaries in building up the commerce seeking an outlet through the mouth of the Mississippi River."

The Mobile Register, summing up the business situation in that city, says:

"There can be no dispute about the fact that Mobile is upon rising ground. Our trade is in a most healthy condition; our financial institutions are as solvent as any in the land; we have no bank failures; real estate is improving in value in virtue of diminished taxation, our first ocean steamer is built, and carries 5,000 bales of cotton from our wharves at each regular trip, our sanitary condition is excellent, and our whole people are hopeful."

From other cities the reports are equally cheerful and encouraging. The new South already eclipses the old in all the elements of real, solid prosperity.

LIBEL BY LAWSUIT.

IN a recent article we had occasion to comment upon the inefficiency of the law as a means of protection against libel or of redress for the grievance. It remains to be observed that the law sometimes goes further, and becomes, as it were, an accessory to the offense, lending its own machinery to aid the purposes of the libeler, offering him complete immunity from punishment, and leaving the injured party without redress or remedy. A case lately decided by our Supreme Court will serve as an apt illustration.

A married woman in this city, living apart from her husband, being desirous of obtaining a dissolution of the nuptial tie, brought her suit for an absolute divorce on the ground of adultery. As one of the grounds for the relief asked she charged her husband with an improper intimacy with an unmarried woman, occupying a position where such a charge, if sustained, would be a special injury to her interests, in addition to the damage naturally resulting from it in the shape of wounded feelings and loss of character. The husband, if guilty, having none of that gallantry which induced a distinguished personage in England under similar circumstances, as it was said, to go upon the witness stand and "perjure himself like a gentleman" in order to defend the character of the lady, or, if innocent, being probably indifferent as to what charges were made against him, so long as thereby he could be rid of his wife, made no defense, and the case was about going in favor of the plaintiff by default. At this point the lady inculpated, having heard of the charge, intervened; and upon papers showing the special grievance of such a charge being allowed to go uncontradicted, moved the Court to allow her to be made a party to the suit, and to defend her reputation by repelling the charges before the court. This application was denied, on the ground, no doubt, that it was unprecedented, and that the Court had no power to grant it. On appeal to the General Term the lady fared a little better, but still did not succeed to her heart's desire. The Court declined to allow her to be made a party defendant, but, as a matter of favor, allowed her to appear by counsel before the referee, and there subject the plaintiff's witnesses to cross-examination, and thus incidentally repel the accusations against her.

The circumstances of this case and the decision thereon strongly suggest the propriety of adopting the course long practiced in England, where a person similarly accused is made what they call a "co-respondent," with all the rights as to defense of an original party, and where also the representative of the Crown is entitled to intervene to prevent collusion and injustice. A Bill in harmony with this idea, we learn, was introduced into our Legislature last Winter, but failed to meet the approval of that body.

It would naturally occur to the mind of a layman that in the case above referred to, if it turned out that the charges against the unmarried lady were malicious and unfounded, the law would afford her redress in the shape of damages against the wife for the injury sustained. But such is not the case. It is true there is a maxim in law that there is no wrong without a remedy, and yet it is the unquestioned law that a person may be most grossly injured in name and in business by defamatory language written or spoken in the course of a legal proceeding, however false or malicious it may be, and no action for damages therefor can be sustained. The theory is, to quote from a standard text-book, that what "is spoken or written in a legal proceeding, by a party or counsel, pertinent and material to the controversy, or reasonably deemed necessary to the cause, however defamatory, is privileged, and its truth cannot be drawn in question in an action for slander or libel. No action lies for a statement thus made, whether by affidavit or *via voce*, even though it be alleged to have been made 'falsely and maliciously, and without any reasonable or probable cause.'"

It does seem remarkable, while the law

affords an ample remedy for a malicious arrest or prosecution of a criminal nature, that equally grave injuries to character by the methods above indicated are utterly remediless. The pretense urged is that there must be the most perfect freedom accorded to parties to a judicial investigation, regardless of the consequences following statements which appear to be necessary or reasonable. But it is certainly difficult to find any difference in principle between the case of a man falsely accused of theft before a magistrate and a virtuous woman falsely accused of adultery in a civil action where she has no means of defense. The true theory should be, as it is in regard to the press, that there should be a perfect freedom of action in making such statements as may be deemed necessary, but at the same time there should be an equal responsibility for the abuse of the privilege. Any other principle virtually offers a premium to malice, and makes the law an accomplice to a wrong.

As the law now stands, every one's character is at the mercy of any evil-minded person who has the ingenuity to put his publication in the shape of a libel or lawsuit.

BALANCING THE BOOKS.

IT can at least be said for President Hayes that he does not demean his exalted office by any actual participation in partisan contentions. In all his public addresses he carefully avoids the discussion of those political topics which several members of his Cabinet are actively debating on the hustings in Ohio, Indiana and elsewhere. Perhaps the most timely and instructive of the addresses which he has made was that delivered at the great reunion of army veterans at Canton, Ohio, last week. Confining himself to the subjects of popular education and the revival of business prosperity, he presented an array of facts which are absolutely conclusive as to both points considered. As to the need of education, he said: "In our country, as everywhere else, it will be found that, in the long run, ignorant voters are powder and ball for the demagogues. The failure to support free schools in any part of our country tends to cheapen and degrade the right of suffrage, and will ultimately destroy its value in every other part of the republic. The unvarying testimony of history is, that the nations which win the most renowned victories in peace and war are those which provide ample means for popular education." As to the wonderful industrial revival and the present business outlook of the country, the President, after stating that the expenditures of the Government growing out of the war of the rebellion amounted to the sum of \$6,189,929,908, remarked:

"This great sum has all been paid in the last nineteen years, except the present amount of the national debt. Deducting the debt which still remains from this statement of the cost of the war, and it appears that during the four years of the war, and in the fifteen years which have since elapsed, the United States has paid, in excess of all the ordinary and extraordinary expenses of the Government in time of peace, more than \$4,275,000,000 on account of the war. This is an average of about \$225,000,000 per year of war expenditures for the last nineteen years. These enormous payments were made chiefly during the war and in the years immediately following the war. That such vast expenditures by the Government should lead to an inflated currency, to extravagant living, and to reckless enterprises, and that these in turn should be followed by that tremendous event, a financial panic, and its attendant ruin and distress, were inevitable, and were a part of the price we paid for a restored Union, for a stable Government, and for human freedom. On the 31st of August, 1865, the total debt resulting from the war was \$2,766,431,671.43; the interest-bearing debt was \$2,381,520,294.96; and the annual interest charge was \$150,977,697.87. Now, after exactly fifteen years have passed, the total debt, less cash in the Treasury, is \$1,900,000,000; the interest-bearing debt is \$1,723,993,100; and the annual interest charge is \$79,633,981. Fifteen years ago the share of the national debt of each inhabitant of the United States was \$78.25, and each person's share of the interest charge was \$4.29. Thousands were induced to believe that such a debt could never be paid, and that our national debt, like that of England, would be a perpetual burden upon ourselves and our posterity. Now, however, the debt has diminished to less than one-half for each inhabitant of what it was in 1865, and the interest charge, per capita, is scarcely more than one-third of what it was fifteen years ago."

"Such being the favorable state of our debt, let us for a moment examine the condition of our resources. In the twenty-five years next prior to five years ago, the excess of imports over exports—the balance of trade against us—was \$1,500,000,000, and the average annual excess of imports was more than \$60,000,000. In that period of a quarter of a century there were only three years in which the exports exceeded the imports, and in those three years the average annual excess of exports was only about \$9,000,000. Compare this condition of trade with the last five years, during which the excess of exports over imports—the balance of trade in our favor—has been \$921,179,828, or a yearly average of about \$185,000,000."

"In a period of thirty years prior to 1880, there has been only one year in which we received into the country from abroad more of the precious metals than we sent out of the country. That year was an exceptional year—at the beginning of the war. In 1861 our imports of gold and silver exceeded the exports \$16,548,531. In all other years, except the last, our exports of the precious metals have exceeded our imports per year from \$4,000,000 to \$90,000,000, and have averaged at least \$40,000,000 a year. In 1880, the last fiscal year, the imports of gold and silver exceeded the exports \$75,891,391—a gain from abroad of the precious metals over the previous year of \$80,592,832, and a gain over the average yearly balance of thirty years past of \$115,000,000. This gain, in the precious metals alone, of over \$75,000,000, in the first year after the resumption of specie payments, in the face of confident predictions that resumption would result in a ruinous contraction of the currency, may well encourage those who wish to take the remaining steps necessary to reach a perfectly sound and healthy condition of the currency. Whatever introduces into our financial system the elements of steadiness, certainty and unquestioned good faith, have always



been found to increase the facility with which legitimate business can procure the capital it needs. Plausible predictions of contraction and distress are always in such cases falsified by the results."

The President referred further to the facts that our foreign commerce has increased from \$399,686,689 in 1851 to \$1,503,679,489 in 1880; that the tonnage of American and foreign vessels entered at United States ports has increased from 5,000,194 tons in 1860, to 15,291,045 tons for this year, owing to the shipment to foreign countries of an unprecedented supply of the products of American farms; that the increase of exports of those products has been about 240 per cent. in seven years, and 27 per cent. since last year—completing his exhibit by the statement: "Never could the man engaged in legitimate industry or business reckon more confidently upon reasonable remuneration for his labor and capital than at the present time."

While eager partisans on one side and another are hotly proclaiming that the country is going headlong to ruin, and that the triumph of this or that party will bring the wolf to every man's door, it is well to be reminded, on the high authority of the Chief Executive, that the elements of our prosperity are real and substantial, and that whatever may be the issue of the political conflict now waging, these elements will remain, securing to us a future of even grander possibilities than those we are now so wisely utilizing.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE raising of the siege of Candahar has been the most important event abroad during the past week. This city is situated on a plain of considerable extent, surrounded on all sides by precipitous mountains through which there are but few passes. Consequently, an army besieging Candahar has no means of retreat should the passes be commanded by a hostile force. It was this fact which compelled Ayoub Khan to retreat into the mountainous region to the west of Candahar. When the news of General Burrows's retreat thither became known there were three simultaneous movements of the British forces. General Stewart retreated from Cabul on Jellalabad in order to keep that road to India open. General Roberts advanced from Cabul upon Candahar, some three hundred and twenty miles distant, by way of Khelat-i-Ghilzai, and General Phayre also advanced upon Cabul from Quetta, some one hundred and forty miles to the southeast. It was generally expected that General Phayre would arrive at Candahar a fortnight before General Roberts, but owing to the difficulties which he encountered he has not yet arrived, while General Roberts marched into Candahar more than a week before he was due. As soon as Ayoub Khan heard that General Roberts was marching upon his rear, and that should he remain before Candahar his retreat would be cut off, he fell back to the westward and took up a strong position at Mazra, in the valley of the Argandab River, which flows four miles from the town in a southwesterly direction and falls into the Helmund at a distance of eighty miles from Candahar. Here he was attacked by General Roberts on September 3d. According to Colonel St. John, Ayoub Khan's force consisted of 4,000 regulars four regiments of Ghazis of whom only one-third had firearms, 200 cavalry, and 28 guns. The plans for the attack were carefully made, and based upon reconnoissances which put General Roberts in possession of full information of the location and strength of Ayoub's camp. The attack was made with four brigades, which marched cheerfully over the difficult road, dragging their artillery, and never complaining of the labor. On arriving in front of Ayoub's camp, the assault was begun at once with vigor. His intrenchments and outworks were less formidable than had been anticipated, and the defenders were driven from them by a heavy artillery and infantry fire. The Afghans resisted stoutly for a time, but their lack of discipline made their defeat a foregone conclusion at close quarters. With the loss of his guns, Ayoub's army took to flight by way of the ford across Argandab River. He lost all his camp equipage. The British loss was considerable. General Roberts's column consisted of two regiments of Highlanders and one of rifles, three regiments of Ghorkhas, three of Sikhs and three of Punjabis, with a Lancer regiment, two regiments of cavalry and eighteen guns.

The Eastern question still remains unsettled. Dulcigno has not been ceded to Montenegro, and the Albanians seem to become every day more strong in their resistance. Albanian volunteers continue to come in in small numbers, and there are about 2,500 now in the town of Dulcigno. The Albanian chiefs declare that if a naval demonstration be made, the forces of the League will at once enter Montenegro and take possession of Padgoritz. At the same time, they allow that the presence of the fleets would render any prolonged resistance impossible. The Porte apparently approves of the resistance of the Albanians, for Riza Pasha, the Turkish commander, has thirteen batteries at his disposal, and yet allows the continued Albanian concentration upon the Montenegrin frontier. The Sultan would probably at once yield if he believed that there would be any movement except a harmless naval demonstration. Many well-informed persons believe that a naval demonstration will prove useless, and that troops will have to be landed and active measures of coercion adopted. It is reported that England and Russia have given orders to their commanders to treat with the Albanian chiefs; but Austria,

and probably Germany, object to this course, and the Porte has signally failed in gaining Austria's good will in the Greek frontier question.

The unusually prolonged session of the British Parliament still endures, and the heated discussion of Irish measures adds to its length. The House of Commons passed the Irish Constabulary Bill by an overwhelming majority, and obstructive measures were not again resorted to by the Irish members. The House of Lords somewhat foolishly rejected the Bill for the registration of voters in Ireland, a measure similar to the law prevailing in England. Thereupon Mr. Parnell arose in his wrath and insisted upon talking on the registration clause to the Appropriation Bill. This he was not allowed to do, and he offered a resolution reflecting upon the Lords, and affirming that Ireland had no chance of redress in the Imperial Parliament—a resolution, however, which the Government rejected. Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor, the Home Rule member for Galway, had also a resolution condemning the Lords for opposing all measures for the improvement of the condition of the people of England, Ireland and Scotland, but it only received thirteen votes, and Mr. O'Connor is probably now less sanguine in his hopes of overturning the British Constitution. How necessary the constabulary is in Ireland is shown by the great increase in the Molly Maguires, who are being enrolled in this murderous organization all over the country. The Employers' Liability Bill and the Hares and Rabbits Bill are both making satisfactory progress in the House of Lords, but they will be found somewhat shorn when they get through the Upper House.

The second term for the expulsion of the religious educational establishments in France, in accordance with the March decrees, has now almost expired, and it is uncertain whether the Government will not make some relaxation in their favor. During the late visit to Cherbourg, M. Grévy expressed himself on several occasions as kindly disposed towards the religious party, and it is hoped that some arrangement can be made. The three large Jesuit schools in Paris have been evacuated, and the new civil directors have been installed in the vacant posts. There were altogether twenty-eight educational institutions in France presided over by Jesuits, and containing over eleven thousand pupils. During the last thirty years the Jesuits have educated over sixty thousand Frenchmen, of whom about two thousand five hundred have subsequently entered the Governmental schools, such as the Polytechnique. Whether the Government will supply a better system of education remains to be seen.

THE veteran, Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, has been renominated for Congress, and will be elected practically without opposition. Mr. Stephens is not liked by some leaders of his party, but he has the confidence of the great body of Democrats at the South, no less because of his independence of clique domination than for his distinguished ability and great purity of life.

THE annual report of Comptroller Kelly states that the debt of this city amounted on the first of January last to \$119,811,310. The Comptroller estimates the next tax rate at 2.53, and gives as the reason for the increase the proposed building of water reservoirs, the opening of streets in the annexed district and the issue of \$750,000 worth of bonds for the East River Bridge.

THE business of the Postal Department is honestly, if not altogether efficiently, managed. A recent report shows that the total receipts of that service from April, 1877, to June, 1879, amounted to \$258,509,869, while the entire losses of the department for that period were only \$1,299. No private business of like magnitude has ever been managed at a minimum of loss at all approaching the figures here given.

It is intimated that the death of Judge Spoford will not, as was supposed, put an end to the contest over Kellogg's seat in the United States Senate. The plan of the Louisiana Democrats is now said to be to regard Spoford's decease as having created a vacancy, which the Governor of the State will undertake to fill, sending on his appointee to take up the fight next Winter. Senator Kellogg's term will expire in January, 1882, and he is not likely to be disturbed in his seat by the present or any other device which his opponents may employ against him.

THE New Jersey Democracy occupy a curious position on the tariff question. In their convention last week they gave their "heartly approval" to the Cincinnati platform which declares "for a tariff for revenue only," and then proceeded to adopt a resolution "that the Democratic Party in this State is in favor of such a tariff as will best protect our home industries!" Such conspicuous inconsistency as this can only disgust honest voters, and it can only be accounted for on the supposition that the New Jersey Democrats believe themselves to be strong enough to do and say anything, however scandalous and incoherent.

THE "barrel" promises to be an influential factor in the present Presidential contest. In Indiana, Mr. English has announced that he will contribute whatever may be needed to achieve success, while in New York and elsewhere, Federal office-holders are being assessed by the Republicans in aid of their campaign funds. There is, of course, a certain amount of legitimate expenditure in every canvass, but when money is expended in the purchase of voters and in "colonizing" and other frauds, positive mischief is done to our whole representative system. The money which is

spent annually for illegitimate political purposes would maintain, without charge to the people, common schools enough for the education of all the children of every State in the Union.

THE growth of the English education system in the last ten years has been somewhat remarkable. In 1870 the number of scholars on the register was 1,693,000, and the average attendance 1,152,000. In 1879 the number of scholars registered was 3,710,000, and the average attendance reached 2,595,000. It is estimated that some 400,000 or 500,000 children still remain to be brought in. The total cost of the present educational appliances for elementary schools in England and Wales last year was \$23,875,000. About \$100,000,000 has been spent in building alone, by voluntary bodies and school boards, since 1870, of which \$65,000,000 was spent by the school boards. As illustrating the excellent character of the instruction given in the elementary schools, it is stated that in Manchester, of seventy-two open scholarships to the grammar-school, sixty-two were gained by boys in these schools whose parents belonged to the artisan class.

ALL the indications point to a Democratic defeat in Maine. The attempted fusion has proved a delusion and failure, and the Republicans are likely to carry the State by a fair majority. No man who believes in honesty in politics will regret this result. The Democrats deserve their defeat, both for their betrayal of honest finance and for their infamous attempt last Winter to secure by fraud and violence what they had failed to secure in a fair test of strength at the polls. Were the people of Maine to endorse these twin political enormities, the reputation of the State would receive a blow from which it could not recover in years. If a defeat of the Democracy shall also follow in Indiana, where the same unprincipled alliance has been made between them and the Greenbackers, right thinking citizens will be apt to regard the result as anything but a disaster. Parties now and then need pretty strong doses of bitter medicine to cure them of their follies and excesses, and in aggravated cases a double dose is often absolutely essential to a complete recovery.

THE Pan-Presbyterian Council, which will convene in Philadelphia on the 22d instant, will be attended by from 350 to 400 delegates, representing all divisions and subdivisions of the Presbyterian Church in this country, England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, France, Holland, Belgium, Hungary, Italy, Australia, Canada and India. Among the subjects upon which papers are to be read, and which will be discussed by the delegates, are "Future Retribution," "The Inspiration, Authenticity and Interpretation of the Scriptures," "Modern Theological Thought," "Creeds and Confessions," "Bible Revision," and "Presbyterianism and Liberty." It is said, as showing the representative character of this council, that there are now 22,000 parishes belonging to the different organizations of the Presbyterian Church. Of these, 5,023 are in Europe, 5,038 in Great Britain, 1,641 in the British colonies and 10,000 in the United States. The latter include a membership of over a million, and represent nearly one-tenth of the population of the country. To the above totals should be added several hundred churches which are planted on mission fields.

THE season at the watering-places is practically over, and within the past week tens of thousands of city residents have returned to their homes. On the last two days of August over 25,000 persons left Long Branch and other New Jersey coast resorts. Twenty-nine trains of ten cars each being run in a single day for the accommodation of the moving crowds. The exodus was, no doubt, hastened by the cold storm which for a day or two swept the coast. The season has been one of unprecedented prosperity at "the Branch" and contiguous resorts, and hotel proprietors are jubilant over their unusual gains. One of the principal hotels reports a profit of \$100,000 on the Summer business. Many improvements are contemplated at and around Long Branch during the Fall and Winter, and next year, with five new hotels and other added attractions, the Summer population of that part of the coast will perhaps be very considerably greater than ever before. The entire New Jersey shore, as far south as Barnegat, now promises to be thickly occupied by Summer residents within three or four years.

THE magnitude of the wealth which may be reaped from cotton culture in this country is very inadequately appreciated. Mr. Edward Atkinson, one of our most careful statistical writers, says that the present crop of cotton will exceed 6,000,000 bales, being larger than the largest crop ever raised by slave labor, and that if it reach this aggregate, it will produce 3,000,000 tons of cotton seed, besides seed for planting, which will yield 90,000,000 gallons of oil, 1,300,000 tons of oil-cake, and 1,500,000 tons of hulls suitable for making paper. Each ton of oil-seed meal will keep five sheep six months. Thus the cotton-seed crop will support millions of sheep and return to the land the fertilizer needed to grow more cotton. He further says that the present cotton acreage of the South covers less than two per cent. of the cotton-growing area in the United States. Mr. Atkinson suggests that a cotton exhibition would stimulate development, and it would certainly seem that every attainable agency should be employed to realize the vast possibilities which his figures suggest. The North is concerned equally with the South in the utmost possible utilization of the industrial and commercial opportunities which a kindly Providence has placed within our reach.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

A COMPANY has been formed in this city to build a ship canal across Cape Cod.

A NATIONAL convention of Free-thinkers was held at Hornellsville, N. Y., last week.

THE Treasury Department is considering the subject of reviving the fractional currency.

THE reduction of the public debt during the month of August amounted to \$12,027,168.

THE crews of the 137 life-saving stations on the Atlantic coast, numbering 822 men, went on duty September 1st.

THE Park Commissioners have been notified that the statue of Admiral Farragut is ready to be placed in Central Park.

THE funded debt of Philadelphia is \$49,565,192. For the current year the sum of \$8,267,761 must be raised by taxation.

PRESIDENT HAYES and party are en route for California. The President has been enthusiastically received at all points.

DURING the month of August 25,300 emigrants arrived at Castle Garden, 4,000 in excess of the number for any August for twenty years past.

GENERAL GRANT will preside and, Senator Conkling speaks at the grand opening campaign meeting of the Republicans in this city some time this month.

LATE dispatches state that nearly all the Southern Utes have ratified the new treaty, which is elsewhere referred to in connection with Chief Ouray's death.

GENERAL WEAVER has announced that he does not sanction any union of the Greenbackers with the Democrats in Maine nor with the Republicans in West Virginia.

THERE is considerable excitement in Troy, N. Y., over a report that an epidemic of small-pox has broken out there. Fifty cases were reported up to the night of the 3d.

THE New Jersey Prohibitionists have nominated Stephen B. Ransom, a lawyer, for Governor, with a full Electoral ticket. The Republicans of Kansas have nominated Governor St. John for re-election.

THE receipts of cotton at New Orleans during the commercial year ending September 1st, amounted to 1,726,188, and the exports to 1,695,718 bales. The receipts of sugar reached 143,045 hogsheds.

THE New Jersey Democrats have nominated Mr. George C. Ludlow, a former State Senator, for Governor. The Massachusetts Democrats have nominated Hon. Charles P. Thompson for the same office.

AMONG recent nominations for Congress are those of Hon. John H. Reagan in the First Texas District, General E. S. Briggs in the Fifth Wisconsin District, and Hon. John Hill in the Fifth New Jersey District.

At the Geneva (N. Y.) regatta, on September 3d, the four-oared event was won by the Albany crew, the amateur single-oar race by Murray, the pair-oared by Holmes and Woodbury, and the professional race by Riley.

JUDGE JAMES JACKSON, Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, has been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia by Governor Colquitt, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Hiram Warner.

THE Irving Hall and Tammany Hall Democrats of this city have effected a union on the basis of an equal division of the Congressional and Assembly district nominations between the two factions. The division was made by drawing lots.

THE American Association for the Advancement of Science closed its twenty-ninth meeting at Boston, September 1st. The meeting was one of the most successful ever held. The number of papers entered was 280; number of persons registered, 970; number of new members elected, 595.

THE death was announced on the 4th inst. of the Rev. Samuel D. Denison, D. D., Honorary Secretary of the Committee for Foreign Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at White Plains, aged 70; and of the well-known missionary pioneer of South Africa, Rev. Daniel Lindley, D. D., at Morristown, N. Y., aged 80.

A MEETING of the National Board of Steam Navigation was held at Norfolk, Va., last week. A resolution was adopted earnestly recommending to Congress the duty of fostering a system of training for the navy and mercantile marine, whereby we shall not be under the necessity of calling upon captains and crews of every nation but our own to command and sail our merchant ships.

##### Foreign.

SPLEENIC apoplexy has been discovered in three cargoes of American cattle recently landed in England.

By the falling of a bridge over the Ebro, in Spain, last week, ninety-six soldiers, including the lieutenant who laid the pontoon, were killed.

A VAST amount of property was destroyed and many ships were wrecked by the great hurricanes which broke over Kingston, Jamaica, on August 18th.

PREMIER DE FREYCINET is said to be losing ground in France, and a Ministerial crisis seems more than ever inevitable at the opening of the session of the Chambers.

THE Albanian leaders have assured the Sultan of their determination to defend the integrity of their country. England and Russia have instructed their commanders to endeavor to treat with them.

THE Supply Bill, on Friday night, September 3d, passed through committee of the House of Commons. Several amendments were rejected, one of them to cut off the appropriation for the House of Lords, and one to tack on to the Bill the Irish Registration Bill.

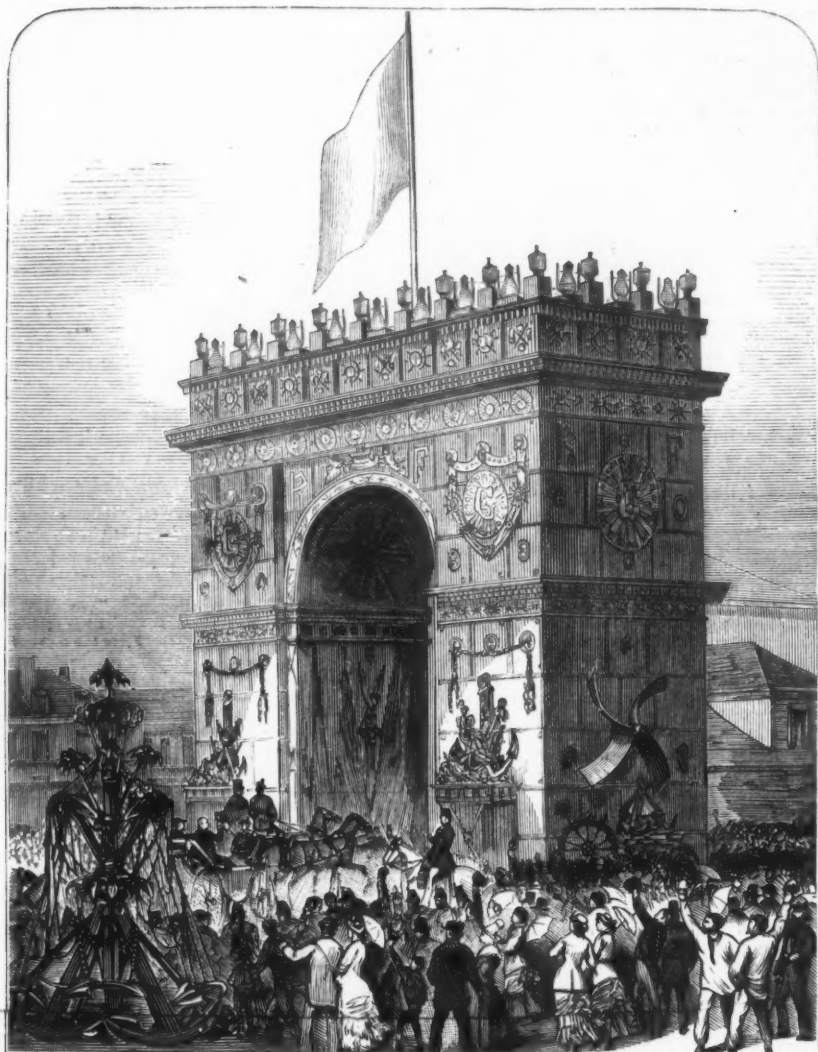
It is reported in London that a preliminary treaty of peace has been signed at Lima, and the following are its principal articles: Peru surrenders the mountains Manacopac and Atahuapla, razes the fortifications of Callao, surrenders all the artillery of Callao, engages to not augment the navy for twenty years, and will reimburse to Chili the cost of the war. Chili engages to pay half of the exterior debt of Peru.

THE House of Commons has passed the Bill to permit the burial of Dissenters in all churchyards and cemeteries without the Church of England service. It has also refused to concur in the amendments made by the Lords to the Employers' Liability Bill, An Irish demonstration against the House of Lords was held in Hyde Park, London, on Sunday last. A monster meeting of the Land League agitators is being arranged for the 19th instant.

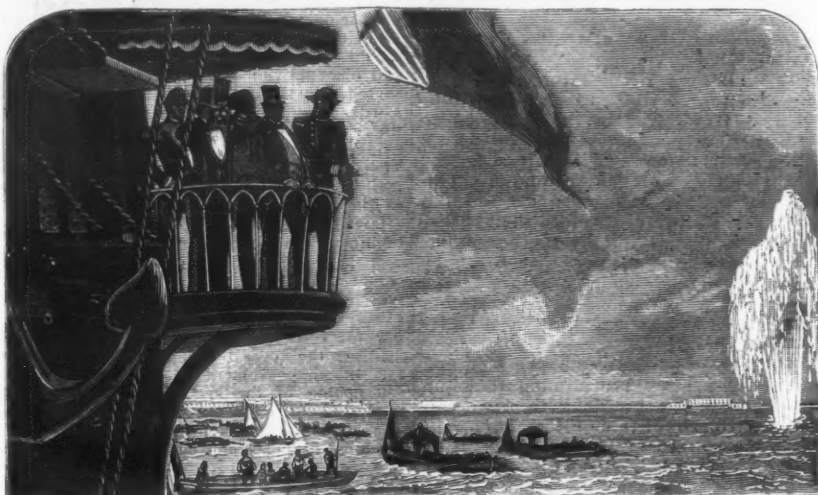
MINISTER LOWELL has sent a circular to a number of English authors asking their views as to the acceptability of a copyright treaty protecting books manufactured in a country granting a copyright by a subject or citizen thereof. Within three months of the publication in the country of the author or owner, the stereotype plates may be exported from one country to the other without forfeiting the right of protection of books printed therefrom.



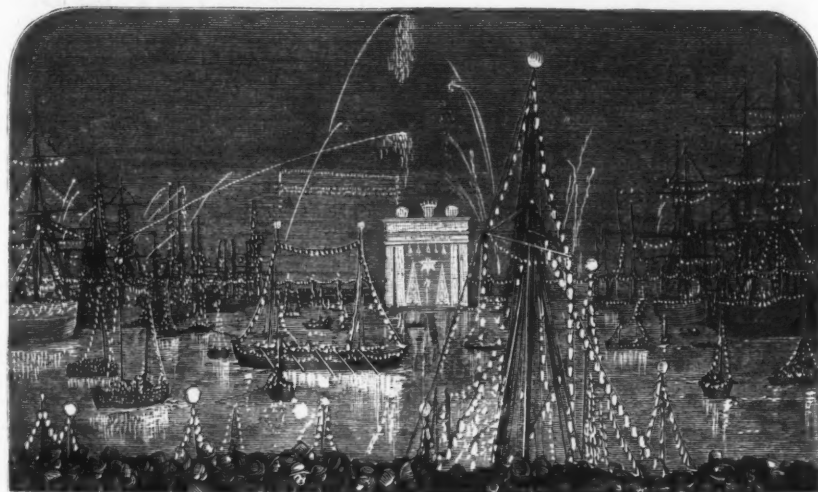
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



FRANCE.—ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT AT THE ARSENAL, CHERBOURG.



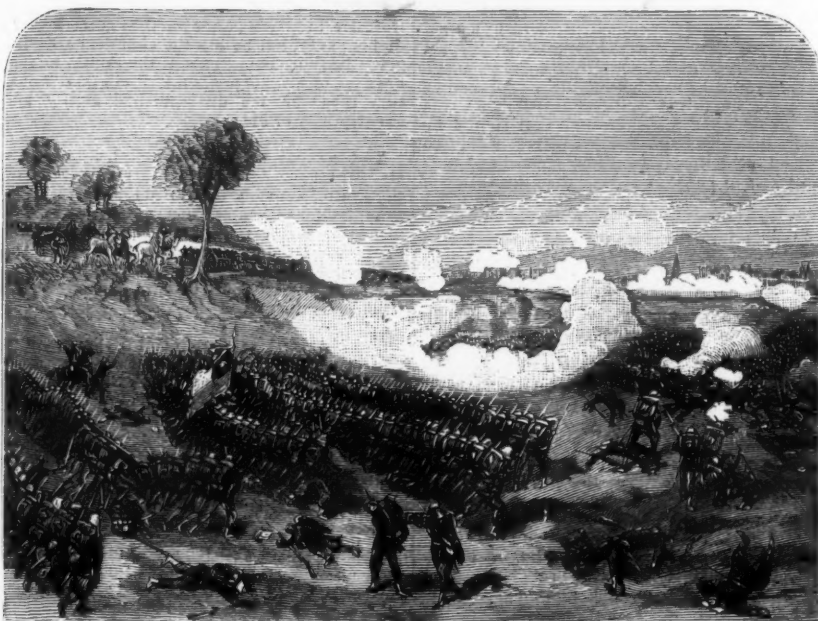
FRANCE.—THE THREE PRESIDENTS WITNESSING TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS.



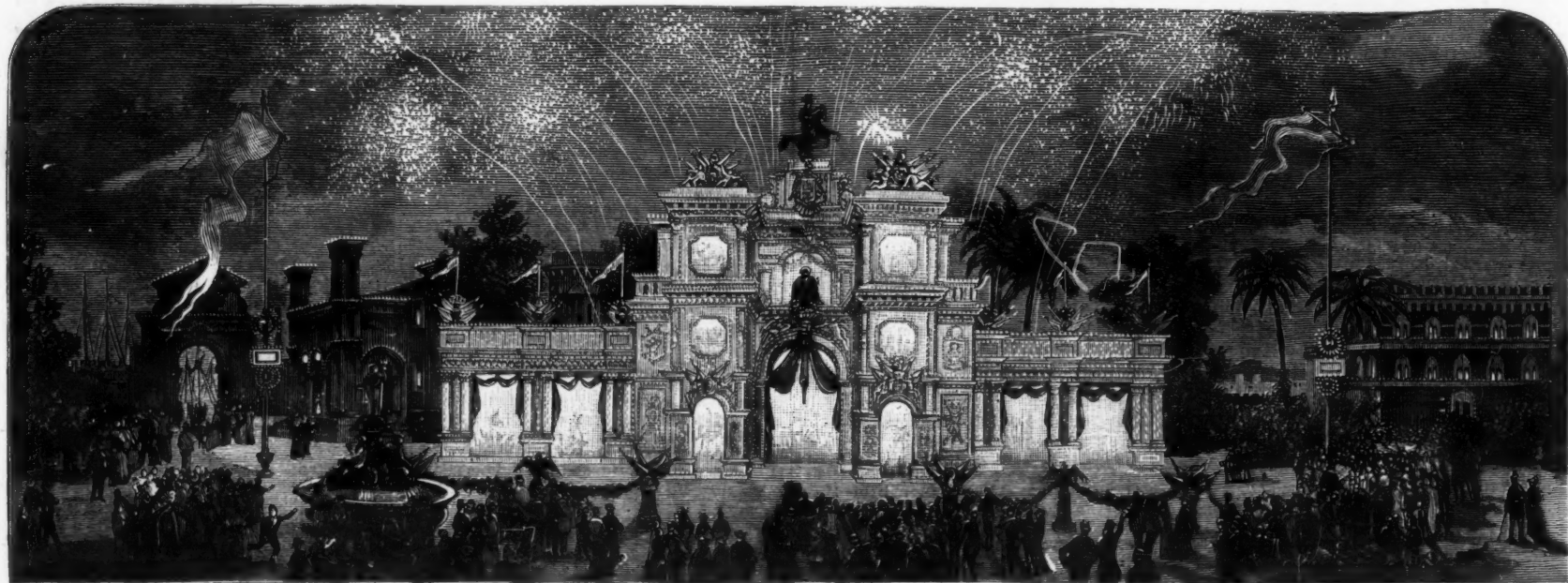
FRANCE.—ILLUMINATION OF THE FLEET IN THE DOCKYARD, CHERBOURG.



SWITZERLAND.—WATER FÊTE OF THE SWISS CHORAL UNION, ZURICH.



PERU.—CHILIAN INFANTRY CHARGING THE HEIGHTS OF TACNA.



ITALY.—THE PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY AT THE FÊTE OF ST. ROSALIE, AT PALERMO.



# THE GREAT TROTTING FEAT OF ST. JULIEN.

THE great turf event of the year was the effort of the famous horse St. Julien, at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, on August 27th, to beat his own and the fastest time on record—2:11½. The weather was excellent, and the track in the best possible condition for the trial. Many predictions were made that the horse would successfully accomplish the feat, but the large majority of the spectators did not expect to see the record lowered. When St. Julien came on the track, appearing in fine condition, and accompanied by his owner and driver, Mr. Hickok, round after round of applause saluted them. After a little preliminary exercise he was speeded a trifle, and finished a mile in 2:24. A few minutes later, getting into a good and speedy stride, Hickok gave the word, and St. Julien went down the stretch and round the first turn at a magnificent gait, appearing like a piece of clockwork, so even was his stride. Hundreds of watches were set, and every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the animal as he passed the first quarter in 32¾, or a 2:11 gait. He moved as gracefully and cleanly as ever down the back stretch, reaching the half-mile pole in 1:05, and at this time the utmost excitement began to manifest itself among the enthusiastic spectators, few of whom now doubted the ability of the gelding to complete his stupendous task. The third quarter was reached in 1:38¾, and the crowd held their breath in the intensity of excitement as St. Julien rounded the turn in the same beautiful machine-like manner and entered the stretch for home. A thrill of apprehension made itself apparent as the driver of a drag, who was still at work on the track, appeared right in the way of St. Julien, who, it was feared, would be compelled to turn aside and thus break or lose his stride. A dexterous turn, however, removed the obstacle, and on came the flyer without annoyance or hindrance. As he neared the distance many thought they discovered a falling and slackening of the speed, but his driver held him so well together that if such was the case it was too slight to be apparent, and amid thunderous bursts of applause the horse passed the wire. The official time given as 2:11½ was the signal for renewed cheering, which was prolonged as horse and rider returned to the stand. The latter was met by an official of the association, who presented him with a floral wreath. A floral cushion was placed on the sulky, and St. Julien, being blanketed, was led up and down in front of the admiring spectators. It was announced that, in addition to the purse of \$2,500, \$500 had been voted by the association, and would be presented to Mr. Hickok. St. Julien was then led away, and the greatest event in the history of the trotting turf was a thing of the past. The managers of Charter Oak Park are elated that their track, from which St. Julien was purchased by Hickok three years ago, has been the scene of the grandest triumph of trotting. Harus made the best achievement before he was withdrawn from the turf, and this year Hannis and other noted horses have improved their records.

## OURAY, THE UTE CHIEF.

### HIS LIFE, CHARACTER, AND DEATH.

OURAY, or Arrow, as he was sometimes called, the celebrated Chief of the Ute Indians, whose death occurred August 27th, at the Los Pinos Agency, Colorado, was one of the most remarkable of Indian statesmen since the death of Black Hawk and Red Jacket. He was born probably within the present Territory of Colorado, some fifty-five or sixty years ago, when that region nominally belonged to Mexico, but was utterly unknown to white men. The important tribe of Utes, of which he was the most conspicuous individual, occupied an immense territory, embracing a large part of Utah (which derives its name from the tribe), and nearly all of Colorado west of the Rocky Mountains.

The chief settlements of the Utes were upon the Colorado River and its upper tributaries, the Grand, Green, White, Gunnison and San Juan Rivers. They are divided into several bands, under separate chieftains, the best-known bands being the Uintah Utes, in Utah, the White River Utes, the Southern Utes and the Uncompahgre Utes, the latter being the most numerous and the one to which Ouray belonged.

Ouray became acquainted in early life with some

of the Mexicans on the northern confines of New Mexico, traded with them and learned the Spanish language so as to use it in conversation. Since the settlement of Colorado and Utah by Americans, he came into close relations with many settlers, and was known as the white man's friend.

Ouray had been for many years one of the chiefs of the Tabeguacho band of Ute Indians, and for several years was the head chief of the Ute Nation. He did not secure this commanding position by

virtue of hereditary descent, but in consequence of his force of character. He is said to have been an Indian of remarkable ability. He was a thorough Ute, but he became convinced some time ago that his tribe should abandon savage ways, and should adopt the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon. He made three trips to Washington, during which he became acquainted with the immense power of the whites, and with the folly of contending against it. He returned from these visits resolved to lift his tribe, if possible, out of barbarian into civilized ways, and he did everything he could to accomplish that end. Ouray dressed like a white man, and could read and write. He used to write to President Grant direct when he had any grievance to be redressed. He had built for him at his place, about ten miles from the Los Pinos Agency, on the Uncompahgre River, by the Government, an adobe house, thirty by forty, finished in good style, with American furniture and carpets. He had a farm of 500 acres inclosed and upwards of 60 acres under cultivation in hay, vegetables and grain. The work was done by Indians and Mexican retainers. His wife has an active interest in the farmwork and does her full share of the outdoor labor. He had a herd of 200 horses and mules, some of them being very fine animals; in addition to the horse stock he had some cattle and several bands of sheep and goats. His buildings were quite extensive, consisting of a large storehouse, four dwellings, stables, corrals, granaries, etc., etc. He had a fine family carriage, one of the best that could be purchased, a present from Governor Edward McCook of Colorado, which, with a stylish team and Mexican driver, made a conspicuous turnout. The farm operations and business enterprises of Ouray were very successful, and proved him to be a shrewd, competent business man.

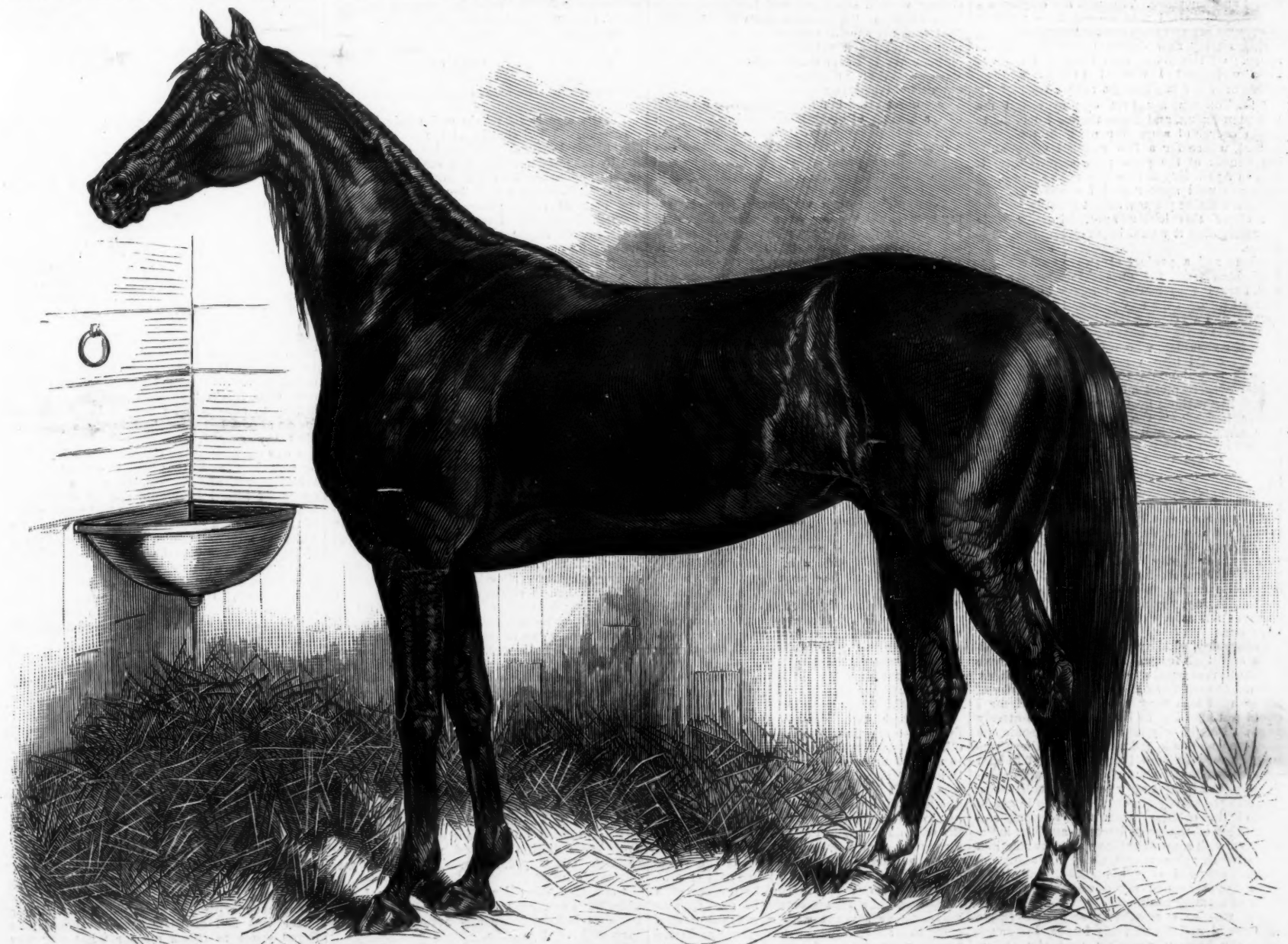
He prevented war with the whites several times. He seemed, however, not to have been able to control Colorado, or Colorow, the chief of the White River band, Colorado having once been the chief of the nation, and having been deposed by the Government authorities in favor of Ouray, became a reckless, savage man. He was particularly determined that prospectors should not be allowed to operate in the reservation, and drove them out whenever found, sometimes going so far as to drive off those prospecting near the reservation by burning the grass and timber around their camps.

The San Juan mining region, which was the cause of the serious outbreak of the Utes in 1879, was purchased of the tribe in 1873, under the Brunot Treaty. About \$750,000 was, it is understood, to have been paid by the Government to the tribe, payments to be made in several annual installments in such articles as the Indians should desire. The Indians moved out of the region, and the whites speedily took possession; nevertheless, the Government did not pay the money, Congress having cut out the appropriation from the estimates. The Indians became exasperated, seeing that they had given up their land and were not to get their money. But though very much dissatisfied and irritable, the tribe was not hostile in any sense. All the Indians at the Los Pinos and White River Agencies were quite friendly. Sapavano, the war chief of the Los Pinos Utes, and one of those concerned in the outbreak, was then living quietly at the agency. Douglas, the chief at White River, was highly spoken of at that time even by the frontiersmen. Ouray warned the Government repeatedly that the tribe was getting so irritable at the bad faith observed that he feared there would be trouble at last. His own life at that time was so much in danger from his known friendship for the whites that he never left his house without his pistols. All the troubles at the Agency may be put down to the irritability and sense of wrong which the bad faith of the Government fostered.

When Agent Meeker and his employees were butchered at the White River Agency in September last, Ouray at once showed his friendliness for the whites and his knowledge of the retribution that would be sure to follow, by sending an order addressed "to the chiefs, captains, headmen and



THE LATE UTE INDIAN CHIEF, OURAY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



CONNECTICUT.—ST. JULIEN, WHO BEAT HIS OWN AND THE BEST ONE-MILE RECORD, AT THE CHARTER OAK COURSE, HARTFORD.—FROM A SKETCH BY STULL.



utes" at the Agency, commanding them to cease hostilities. Thereafter he exerted himself in every possible way to bring about peace, and when Special Agent Adams, a month later, reached the scene, he was, in his efforts to secure possession of the guilty persons, co-operated with by Ouray, who was appointed, with Generals Hatcher and Adams, a commission to investigate the outbreak, and commanded all the Agency Indians to come in and submit to examination. The only lukewarmness shown by Ouray during the exciting conferences which followed was, as he afterwards explained, the result of his fear of assassination.

At the end of the investigation, Ouray agreed to cause the surrender of all the guilty Utes to the whites for punishment, an engagement which he honestly endeavored to fulfill. He then expressed a desire to be permitted to visit Washington. Permission was granted, and in January of this year he arrived at the capital and saw the Great Father and the Secretary of the Interior. He was, while at Washington, subjected, with other chiefs who had accompanied him, to a searching examination by the House Committee on Indian Affairs in reference to the Ute troubles and the murder of Agent Meeker and his employees. The result of the conferences at the capital was a treaty by the terms of which the Utes were to give up their reservation in Colorado and submit to be scattered through less desirable and valuable sections of the frontier country. It was while Ouray was traveling about through the old reservation with a commission, endeavoring to secure the assent of all the Ute chiefs to this treaty, that death overtook him, unhappily before the work was complete.

It was feared for a time that the negotiations would entirely fail, but the latest accounts indicate a different result. At the Grand Council held August 28th, Chief Sapavano was elected as the successor of Ouray, there being only two other applicants for the position—Guero and Peah. The former claimed it by right of promotion as second in rank, but his known hostility to the whites prevented his promotion. Sapavano is fifty years old, and has much strength of character. His following is large, and he enjoyed Ouray's confidence to such an extent that he was left in charge last winter during the latter's visit to Washington. Seventy Uncompagres and White River headmen and chiefs have placed their hands under the direction of the agent; have accepted Sapavano as chief, have agreed to preserve Ouray's property intact, and to proceed immediately to complete ratification and enrollment. A dispatch says: "Agent Berry has the confidence of the Utes at Los Pinos and White River. They are anxious for peace."

### MY LODGER.

WHY am I, the mistress of the Villa Constante, on such friendly, confidential terms with old Frau Seppi, the goat-herd's wife? Is a question that has rung in my ears for many a year. The answer is too long to be often given, but to you, Alice, my valued friend, I will tell the whole story, if you care to listen:

You know I was not very happy in my New England home—father's second wife brought an element of discord among us, which only increased with time—and one Autumn I joyfully accepted the situation that fell in my way of companion to an invalid lady who was going to travel in Europe.

We wandered about together for three years, till my benefactress was joined by relations, and my services were no longer needed. I had saved a little money, but only enough to live upon for a few weeks until I found another place. Through my employer's recommendation I was accepted as nursery governess in an English family; but, before entering on my new duties, I had a month to spare. Of this I was very glad, as I had not been well, and I wanted to gain a little strength before beginning a rather trying task.

Mrs. Tolleton, my first employer, left me in Baden-Baden, and from thence I decided to go in search of a quieter nook in the Black Forest, where for a few weeks I might have the benefit of the pure pine-scented air. It was in April, long before the rush of Summer visitors would appear, and I could find some humble abiding place without trouble.

I chose this lovely spot, Klosterle, little dreaming that it would become eventually my home.

Alone and a perfect stranger to the place, I alighted from the antiquated post-wagon, and, carrying my modest luggage in my hand, walked through the tiny village in search of a dwelling. I accosted a tidy-looking old woman in peasant costume, bearing a rake and spade over her shoulder, who informed me that if I chose I could hire a room in her cottage, a little further along the road. One look into her kindly eyes inspired me with trust, and I followed her without hesitation.

Her house was the quintessence of neatness, not unusual among the thrifty folk of the Black Forest: the floors shone with wax, the awkward little windows glistened in the sunlight, the beds were covered with the snowiest linen. I hired a little room under the eaves for a small sum, and I was to have my dinner at a little inn within five minutes' walk from the cottage. Frau Seppi—for it was into her kindly hands that I had fallen—was to give me fresh goat's milk in the mornings and evenings. Here I surely would grow well and strong again, and, very contented and happy, I fell asleep the first night in my new quarters.

Before daylight I awoke with a raging headache and high fever. I was unable to move without great pain, as every bone in my body seemed to assert itself by an especial ache of its own. I was very much frightened, for I could not afford to be ill, and I was so utterly alone. I could only lie and wait for some one to come: no one heard me call, and there was no such modern contrivance as a bell in that simple dwelling. I watched the dawn creeping over the hills, so slowly and so welcome to me, and the sturdy chanticler in his kingdom behind the cottage; then the bleating and trampling of the goats became audible, intermingled with some shouting and swearing in a boy's rough voice, which, though in a foreign tongue, sounded very home-like, and at last Frau Seppi opened my door, bringing in a glass of foaming milk.

She was so sympathetic and grieved to find me ill, and all that day hovered over me with the homely remedies that she understood. But my illness was too severe to be

cured with decoctions of herbs, and the doctor who attended the Summer visitors who flocked to that region for the mineral baths, said that I needed vigilant care and perfect quiet for weeks to come.

I was in despair: my little fund of money would be very soon exhausted, and I had not a friend in the world to apply to; my father had died much in debt two years before, Mrs. Tolleton had gone to Russia, and I had no address that would reach her even if I had wanted to ask her for help. Then, too, I would lose my place as a governess in Mrs. Wakeham's family, as they were to return soon to England, and I was to have accompanied them. Thinking over all these perplexities was of the greatest injury to me, for I became delirious and for a while my recovery seemed quite impossible.

When weeks afterwards I was told that I had come back from the border land of the unknown world, my first feeling was bitter regret, for death seemed such an easy ending to my troubles. I shudder now to think what I would have missed here had my wish then been granted.

No mother could have been kinder than was Frau Seppi during my convalescence: I told her the whole truth about my circumstances, that I was unable to repay her kindness, and that the thought of the debt I was incurring for medical attendance and remedies haunted me like an evil dream. She only patted my hand with her soft fingers, and called me a silly child for troubling my head over such fancies.

"Our doctor is a generous man," she would say, "and I hope we all know how to help our neighbors when trouble comes."

It was already May, and before long Frau Seppi would have a house full of lodgers, for the tidy cottage was eagerly sought. I knew that then I could make myself useful to my benefactress and lighten her household cares in many ways if I could only recover fast enough. I would save her the expense of a servant during the Summer, but that would only help to lighten my obligation to her.

Towards evening, when Frau Seppi had finished her work—and her daily task was no trifling, aside from the work within doors, there were hours of toil each day in the fields, and the care of a cow and her milk—she would come and sit with me, and over her endless knitting, would tell me the experiences of her long, simple life. She was very proud at first about the duties and deportment befitting her station in life, and would not sit down in my presence, whom she considered of higher rank, but I soon prevailed upon her to think of me only as a poor wanderer whom she had befriended.

I liked to watch her sitting there, with her gray hair ingeniously plaited back with black ribbons, full sleeves of white linen spun by herself, leaving bare the sun-burned arm from the elbow down; a scarlet cloth bodice, and a dark green petticoat, short enough to show strong woolen stockings and low shoes with huge buckles. On Sundays she wore a bonnet that was my special admiration: the foundation was of black velvet, almost hidden with embroidery in silver thread and studded over with imitated precious stones in different colors, held in place with tiny settings of silver. The bonnet fitted her head close, like a baby's cap, and frills of black lace flared out on each side like the gossamer wings of a huge fly. As a reflection on the mutability of fashion, Frau Seppi told me proudly that she had worn this bonnet for the first time on her wedding day, forty-one years ago.

Through the open window where she sat my gaze could wander over the meadows in all their spring freshness, rich in forget-me-nots and buttercups; across the little trout stream, with its many rustic bridges, up the irregular hillsides dotted with an occasional *châlet*, stained to a mellow brown by the weather, till my eyes lost their way in the thick pine forests so high above us all. This picture of the honest old peasant woman knitting in the window, against a background which seemed like a glimpse of Paradise, is even now always before my mental vision. Good, generous old Frau Seppi, how could I ever repay her kindness! was the thought that never left my brain.

"Frau Seppi," I said, one day, "I envy you; you can call one of the loveliest nooks in all the world your home, and are sure of its comfortable shelter for the days when you can no longer work. Fate has dealt kindly with you, and you ought to be very happy."

To my surprise, she put aside her knitting, and began wiping her eyes, which had brimmed over with tears.

"Fräulein," she answered, "I would be happy if I could undo a mistake that I made once. The Lord has been very kind to me, giving me my share of this world's goods, and it is only my own fault that I am sorely troubled now. I did a great wrong once in my life, which until now I have kept a secret from the world. At last its punishment is overtaking me, and I am very unhappy."

I did not urge my old friend's confidence, but soon, of her own accord, she told me her story to the following effect:

She had two daughters, Kätchen and Bertha—merry, romping girls, as like each other as two ripe cherries on the bough, and so near of an age as to be usually taken for twins by strangers. When Bertha, the younger, was ten years old she went to live in Westphalia with her grandmother, who was growing infirm and very lonely, and Kätchen was the only daughter left at home. Kätchen was a rosy-cheeked, handsome girl, coquettish and saucy as any village belle, and, as she grew older, was much admired. When only sixteen she became engaged to Toni Leiter, son of a blacksmith in a village on the Rhine. He was traveling as servant with a gentleman who came to Klosterle for the baths, and as Toni's family were childhood acquaintances of Frau Seppi, the young man was very welcome in

their midst. There was, however, one great drawback to his engagement with Kätchen, in the opinion of Frau Seppi—Toni was to go shortly to America to push his fortunes, and when he had succeeded, Kätchen was to join him there, so Frau Seppi would lose her daughter indeed. But they seemed so fond of each other that she could not in conscience withhold her consent to the betrothal: so rings were exchanged, vows plighted, and Toni set out on his long pilgrimage.

For the first year their letters came and went with all the regularity possible in those days, and Kätchen grew noticeably quiet and sedate, and seemed to care no longer for the frolics of the other young people.

Another year went by, and Toni's letters, though loving as ever, still had no news of a good appointment in America. Toni went further westward towards the mines of Colorado, and, owing to his frequently changing his address, letters reached him irregularly and rarely. Two years more slipped away, and Kätchen, who was now twenty, began to grow tired of the dullness and neglect that fell to her share because of her absent lover. She began to frequent whatever merry-makings were in reach, and six months later, to the dismay of her mother, Kätchen announced that she had grown tired of waiting for Toni; she cared for him no longer, and was going to marry Carl Wernle, son of the miller near Klosterle.

Kätchen was a headstrong, unruly girl, who usually had her own way, as she did in this instance. No word could be sent to Toni of his fiancée's change of feeling, as his last letter had spoken of going deeper into the country where an answer would not reach him; so Kätchen was married without his knowledge. Bertha, the younger sister, came home again to fill the gap in the household which her sister's departure had made, and no one seemed to regret the change the course of events had taken save Frau Seppi, who felt very sorry for what would be Toni's disappointment.

A few months after Kätchen's wedding with the miller's son, a letter came from the discarded lover in America, telling of his great success in the mines, and reminding Frau Seppi of her promise to send his darling Kätchen to him when he could prove his way sure. He would give half his new fortune to be able to come for her himself, but this was impossible. It was a long letter, dwelling on his unhappiness during the many years of waiting, and his scarcely to be realized joy, now that Kätchen was at last to be his, for of her faith he had never had one moment's doubt.

Frau Seppi was in despair. She loved Toni as her own son, and the thought of writing to him of her daughter's fickleness was heart-breaking to her. She could not bear to tell him the unhappy truth.

As she was sobbing over Toni's letter, Bertha, with a merry laugh and saucy rejoinder to some friends outside, bounced into the room, overturning a chair on the way.

As the mother glanced up, a sudden inspiration flashed through her brain—Bertha was her sister over again—voice, eyes, hair, everything about her like enough to Kätchen to deceive any one who had not seen either for five years.

Bertha was heart whole and ready for any escapade. Why should she not personate Kätchen and answer Toni's call, thereby profiting by his good fortune, and saving her sister from the charge of utter faithlessness. She had seen Toni on a visit home long ago, and had been as much pleased with him as her sister had seemed. Henceforth, in the eyes of Toni, Bertha might represent Kätchen, and it would be the younger sister who had espoused the miller's son.

There would be no danger of detection, for none of the villagers in Klosterle ever dreamed of sending a letter away to Colorado, and Toni was settled in the New World for life.

Bertha was nothing loath to this rash plan of her mother's, and as soon as it could be arranged she set out on the route to America recommended by Toni, taking upon herself the name and, as much as possible, the identity of her sister. The people of Klosterle supposed that young Leiter had asked for the hand of the younger sister, failing the elder, and they all congratulated Bertha on her good luck. Only Frau Seppi and her two daughters knew of the deception that was being carried on.

Toni married his bride unsuspectingly, and, strange to say, the union seemed a perfectly happy one, and gradually the guilty feeling faded out of the hearts of Frau Seppi and Bertha.

But of late Frau Seppi had known no peace owing to a hint of Bertha's that her husband had the idea of returning to Germany for a short time; an uncle of his had died at Coblenz, leaving his affairs in such confusion that his children were in want, having no friend to help them. Toni was likely to have six or eight weeks of leisure during the Summer, and he spoke much of using that time to visit the Fatherland and look after the welfare of his brother's children.

It was this news that haunted Frau Seppi day and night, and made her apprehend all sorts of dangers for her daughter.

"He will come to visit me, of course," she would say, dolefully; "the neighbors innocently enough will betray my deceit, for not a soul here knows that Bertha is playing a part, and my poor Leiter will perhaps be turned out on an outcast on the face of the earth, for Toni has a high spirit and would not bear trifling. Oh, why did I ever descend to this miserable lie!"

I consoled the old woman as well as I was able, but I could not disguise from her that I felt that her daughter and herself were in a very awkward position.

"Perhaps he will not come," was the most comforting speech I could make.

One day, when I was well enough to be dressed and move about a little, Frau Seppi came to me with a face as white as the open letter she held in her hand.

"Read that!" she said, breathlessly.

I was a fair German scholar, and without much trouble deciphered the following lines:

"DEAR MOTHER—Three weeks from this date Toni has arranged to sail for Germany—the children and I are to come with him. I cannot express my joy that we are to meet again, and that you can see my little Albert and Marie your blessing, but I am in terror at the thought of Toni going to Klosterle. He will find out all, and I shall be lost! So long as this unlucky secret has been kept, so much more of a wrong it seems to be to him. Can you not leave home so that we will have no reason for going to Klosterle? Something must be done to save me, and I can think of no other plan. Go far away from home, and let a letter telling where you are find us in the Hen Gasse, in Bremen."

More followed, but it was a repetition of the same idea, that the girl was in misery lest her sin should find her out, and her mother, her accomplice, must help her.

"Fräulein," began Frau Seppi, after I had read the letter, "you have often said that you would like to repay the poor favors I have shown you. You now have that chance if you care to take it."

"I will do anything in my power for you, Frau Seppi," I began, enthusiastically.

"What I have to ask is this," she continued. "Will you, with Sophie's help, take care of my house and look after the welfare of my lodgers while I go away to Westphalia, where my mother used to live? In my talks with you I have discovered that you are of a domestic turn, with ways and ideas that make a good housekeeper. In another month you will be yourself again, and to shield my daughter I must go away. The loss of shutting up my house would be more than I could afford, and I would trust no one but you with it. You are rather young for the post of housekeeper."

"Oh, no," I interrupted, "I am twenty-five my next birthday."

"But," she went on, "I know you can be steady and sensible. If you will take this charge I shall consider myself doubly repaid for my care of you."

I was only too glad of the chance to help Frau Seppi, and I seized at her suggestion with alacrity.

Accordingly, Frau Seppi prepared to go to Westphalia for the Summer, on the plea that her health demanded rest, and there the dreaded visit of Toni and his family could take place in safety, as Bertha could easily pass for her elder sister among the people she knew when a child.

Early in June I found myself mistress in the cottage where I had hired a simple room two months before, with the prospect of a house full of lodgers to take care of till the end of September, and only the rustic little hand-maiden Sophie, and the stable-boy to share my labors.

There was no lack of inmates in the cottage, and for Frau Seppi's sake I was very glad: but my lodgers seemed to have an endless variety of whimsical wishes, the answering of which sent Sophie and I to our beds at night with weary limbs and aching heads.

"Here is a letter from Herr von Waldburg, the master of the villa: he comes every Summer," said Sophie, handing me a letter with a crest on the seal.

Near us on the hillside a beautiful villa stood, about which I had spun many a romance; the grounds were very tastefully laid out, with dark shady nooks adorned with statues; beautiful shrubbery and foreign plants grew in all directions; there were conservatories, fountains and walks winding through inviting shade—everything to make a Summer's stay charming, but year after year the place stood vacant. A certain Herr von Waldburg had had the villa restored for his wife, and she had died there. Soon afterwards he, too, died in Italy, and the villa became the property of Arthur von Waldburg, a younger brother.

The present Herr von Waldburg came often to Klosterle, but he never lived at the villa; he was unmarried and preferred to leave his house vacant. It seemed a strange fancy for a man who might be surrounded by so much luxury to choose Frau Seppi's humble house for an abode but such had been his pleasure for many seasons.

I was curious to see the master of the villa; he was the hero of that little world into which I had fallen, and his coming was a stirring event. I hoped he would not be displeased with the change of hands that had taken place in the cottage, and that I might minister to his wants as well as Frau Seppi had done. Of my ability to please him I was a little doubtful, for he was an old bachelor, and probably not free from the exacting ways of most of that brotherhood. He came one lovely morning and took possession of the shiningly neat room, the bareness of which I had relieved a little by bunches of field flowers.

To my surprise, he was quiet, affable and pleased with everything, especially the flowers, asking who had arranged them. He put me quite at my ease, disarming me of the fear that now my powers would be taxed to the utmost to please a capricious lodger.

Herr von Waldburg looked about forty, or, perhaps, more. He had beautiful, sad-looking brown eyes, perfect hands, and a tall, graceful figure and good carriage. He had traveled all over the world, and his conversation was as agreeable as his exterior. I was charmed with my new lodger from the first, and began to think regretfully of the time when his stay would draw to a close. I heard at intervals from Frau Seppi—her daughter and son-in-law had arrived, and no perplexities had arisen on their domestic horizon. The old woman was enraptured with her grandchildren, and her letter was full of their praises, though she found space to thank me for what she was pleased to call my great kindness in keeping her house. I was very glad that the old soul's



anxiety was quieted, for she had been sorely troubled.

Often when towards evening I stole out to the hillside for a breath of fresh air, Herr von Waldburg would join me, and gradually I grew to enjoy but little the walks in which we missed each other. He showed me every attractive nook and corner of the villa, and seemed to enjoy my delight in all I saw. I could gather all that I pleased of the beautiful plants in the green houses, but I enjoyed most the bouquets of wild flowers that I gathered with the help of Herr von Waldburg, who told me the names and properties of the rarer kinds.

I had a great longing for a certain specimen of fringed gentian, which was said to grow in that region, but our careful search had not yet revealed this lovely flower.

One morning my lodger—I mean only Herr von Waldburg, for, my duty towards them fulfilled, I forgot the existence of the other inmates of the cottage—set out to climb one of the higher mountains, and did not return to the inn for dinner as usual. Towards evening a boy came flying down the hillside with the news that the master of the villa was lying badly hurt in the woods on one side of the Kniebis.

The whole village was in commotion instantly, and men set out with lanterns and a hastily improvised litter to bring the wounded traveler home. He had fallen from the top of a high rock, and had lain insensible among the ferns and moss until the boy had found him.

His injuries were severe enough. Besides a dislocated shoulder, there was an internal hurt, which the doctor said would be slow in healing, so, for the second time that season, Frau Seppi's cottage became a shelter for the sick. In caring for the wounded man, I felt that I was indirectly atoning for the trouble I had given, and I was unwearied in my exertions for his comfort.

"How good you are to me!" he said one day, taking my hand, resting for a moment on the coverlet, in his; "and while I give you so much trouble, I have not even the satisfaction of knowing that I reached what I was striving after when I fell. There was a bit of fringed gentian growing on the top of that rock—the kind you have wished for so long—but—"

I did not listen to the ending of his sentence, but with some hasty excuse turned away from the bed to hide the blush that flamed over my face. It was for a whim of mine, then, that Arthur von Waldburg had risked his life.

Towards the end of August my lodger was permitted to extend his walk beyond the cottage inclosure, and, with my arm supporting his feeble steps, we went slowly towards the villa, and rested on a seat overlooking the house.

I was chatting of many things, and, among other questions, asked why he gave the villa no distinguished name.

"I should like to call it the 'Villa Constance,'" he answered, after a long pause.

My name was Constance, as I had told him long ago. While a vague happiness filled my heart, I jealously wondered if in the past another Constance had crossed this man's path.

"Do you not understand me, Constance—may not this place become a home indeed to me, adorned with your sweet presence?"

My happiness was too great for any kind of expression.

"Will you be my wife?" he continued, taking my hand, so gently. "I myself have not much to offer—a restless, whimsical wanderer on the face of the earth, who has already wasted two-thirds of his life—but I will try to make you happy if you will let me."

But I will not dwell longer on that interview in the garden; suffice to say that we left the villa betrothed lovers, and I, at least, scarcely able to realize my bliss.

What could this man, who might have made any countess in the land his wife, fancy in me, a poor little governess, with nothing to recommend her but a kind heart? He said that he had been beset and tried more than he could express by the open flattery of women of the world, who admired him for his wealth, and my simplicity and unconsciousness had charmed him from the first. He said, too, some sweet sounding nonsense about the beauty of a fresh face, soulful eyes and shining blonde hair, but even my hero's assertions could not transform myself in my own eyes into a beauty.

I had no one's will or pleasure to consult but my own, and before the winter Arthur and I were married. One of my most enthusiastic well-wishers on my wedding day was Frau Seppi, and her blessing had indeed proved a benediction, for I have been very happy with my husband.

Long afterwards Frau Seppi, with a shamefaced smile, showed me a letter from Toni, dated shortly after his return to America. All the time that we were puzzling our brains to keep him in the dark the roguish fellow had known of the trick that had been played upon him. Not long after his marriage with Bertha in Colorado, he had encountered a peddler from a district near Klosterle, who proved beyond a doubt that his real sweetheart had been false to him, and that her sister had become his wife. At first Toni was in a great rage, but on reflection, like a sensible man, he resolved to make the best of the inevitable. The thought of Kitcher's perfidy quenched his love for her, and Bertha proved a very lovable wife. In revenge for the deceit practiced on him, he never told his discovery, but allowed his wife and mother-in-law to receive their just punishment which his visit home caused. Only on his return to Colorado his long kept secret was made public.

Now, Alice, that you know my story, can you wonder more that Frau Seppi and I are sworn friends? Her wrinkled old face is one

of the fairest on earth to me, and she will be warmly welcomed in my house till she is laid in her last resting-place, for through her I gained my life's happiness.

#### FOUNDERING OF THE "VERA CRUZ."

SAD intelligence has been received concerning the hurricane that was expected to reach the southern portion of our coast about the 1st of September. On the 15th of August it struck the Island of Jamaica, and wrought great havoc to property on land and water at Kingston. By slow degrees it worked its way northward, striking St. Augustine, Fla., on Saturday the 28th, and lasting three days. After it was over, on Tuesday night, some fishermen reported quantities of barrels of lard, boxes of bacon and hams, and since that time the beach has been strewn with a large assortment of all manner of goods. On Wednesday two mail-bags were found containing foreign mail, and other evidence, causing it to be generally believed that a steamship had been lost at sea. At Matanzas, eighteen miles below, the first body came ashore.

Later four bodies were found below Matanzas, one the body of an old, gray-headed gentleman, well dressed, apparently about sixty years of age. Another was the body of a lady, about forty-three or forty-five years old, who wore three or four valuable rings and other jewelry. The bodies were all buried immediately, for they were in a state of decomposition. Pieces of furniture also came ashore covered with red plush and others with gold lines. One piece has a casting on it marked "M. & H. Chenkheisen, N. Y., Pat. May 23, 1876." A mail-bag marked "Return to New York," was washed ashore, and letters dated "New York, Aug. 25, 1880, per City of Vera Cruz," were found in it; also way bills via steamer Vera Cruz.

The beach, north and south of St. Augustine Light, and as far south as Matanzas Inlet, was quickly strewn with wrecked stuff, drygoods, provisions and merchandise of every description. The first evidence of a wreck was discovered near the lighthouse on Tuesday, and on following the coast to the north and south the story of a terrible disaster was revealed.

From seven men who came ashore—one passenger, one engineer, one oiler and four seamen—it was learned that the Havana steamship City of Vera Cruz had foundered at 5:30 on Sunday morning, August 29th. The saved men reported that the fires went out, the pump failed, and the ship got foul and put out a drag. One sea stove her in force and aft. The lamps went out and the fires also. The captain, mates, and all were cast up for help to get assistance, and all at once all went down. All the deck load—street-cars, horses, cabbages and oil—was thrown out, but it did no good. The men also said that thirteen ladies were aboard.

The City of Vera Cruz sailed from Pier No. 3 North River on the 28th of August, Wednesday, August 25th, having on board twenty-eight cabin passengers, including General A. T. A. Torbert, the famous Union cavalry officer and ex-consul General of Paris. Her officers and crew numbered forty-nine, under the command of Captain Edward Van Sice, a brave officer, with more than twenty years' experience of Gulf navigation. Her first officer, Harris, was also an experienced seaman, and had navigated the waters of the Gulf and the West Indies for many years. Her officers, engineers and many of her seamen were picked men, who had been in the company's employ for a long period. A Mexican mail agent and one other passenger—not in the cabin—were on board, making in all seventy-nine persons. The vessel was a stately wooden steamship, only six years old, and the strictest inquiry has failed to discover any weakness, either in her construction or management. Her engines, the company say, had been thoroughly overhauled during the two weeks that she was in port. Her cargo was not a heavy one, the steamer only drawing an average of eighteen feet of water, against twenty-one and twenty-two feet, with which she had made safe passages in much more stormy periods.

The body of General Torbert was recovered and buried by the saved seamen at Daytona, on Wednesday.

The brig Caroline Eddy was wrecked in the same storm at a point some sixty miles from St. Augustine, and fears are entertained for the safety of other steamships that should have been in the track of the storm at the time of its fury. Captain Halsey, of the Cromwell line steamer New Orleans, and Captain Curtis, of the Saratoga, both of whom passed safely through the hurricane, unite in the assertion that the storm was the severest they have ever experienced.

#### THE OBELISK AND ITS MASONIC EMBLEMS.

A NOTABLE reception was tendered last week to Lieutenant-Commander Henry H. Gorrington, United States Navy, by his brethren of Anglo-Saxon Lodge, No. 137, F. and A. M., of Brooklyn, in recognition of his services to the Masonic fraternity in the safe transmission of the Egyptian obelisk to the United States. The Masonic fraternity at large was anxious to participate in doing honor to its distinguished member, but he would accept of no honor save that extended by his brethren of Anglo-Saxon Lodge. The lodge-room was crowded, and the occasion was one of great interest. The floral decorations by Worshipful Brother Shanahan were very beautiful. The east of the lodge-room was almost hidden in miniature groves of choice shrubs and flowers. At the right of the Master's chair stood a lofty pyramid of flowers, bearing in the centre the square and compass in violets, on a groundwork of white pinks. At either side of the dais were pedestals on which stood clusters of flowers in vases, while the space between the east and the altar was converted into a garden of tropical plants and shrubs in full bloom. On the dais at the left of the Master's chair stood a perfect model in wood of the obelisk. This was presented by Lieutenant Gorrington to his mother lodge. This model was taken apart during the evening and its various parts were critically examined. Music was furnished by a choir.

The lodge having been opened by the Master, Right Worshipful William Sherer, Commander Gorrington was introduced by the Right Worshipful D. T. Walden. His appearance was greeted with a storm of applause, amid which he was conducted to a seat of honor in the east. The choir then sang an ode of welcome, and Right Worshipful William Henry White delivered an eloquent address, in which he dwelt at length on the great services rendered the Masonic fraternity by Lieutenant Gorrington, and on behalf of the lodge welcomed thrice heartily the distinguished craftsman to his mother lodge.

Lieutenant Gorrington, in reply, spoke in a pleasant conversational tone, describing the taking down of the obelisk and finding of the Masonic emblems, and saying that no sane man could doubt that they were identical with those in use by the Masons of the present day. In the course of the work, he said, many were disgusted because they had failed to find treasures beneath the stones at the base of the shaft; but he had found what was to him a greater treasure than gold or silver—the link which bound the ancient operative Masons of centuries ago with the speculative Masons of the present day. The connection between the two was to his mind indisputable, and the evidences of the identity of the Masonic emblems of to-day with those which existed at the time of the Pharaohs were overwhelming. The obelisk, he thought, would become a great educator to the uneducated, as it would induce them to seek and acquire information as to its history. It had been erected by the Pharaoh who had originated foreign commerce, and it was em-

nently fitting that it should find a resting-place in this great commercial city. The obelisk, which was 3,400 years old, had been neglected, and was fast going to pieces, but now that it had reached this country in safety, he had no doubt it would remain an object of admiration and curiosity for ages to come—a connecting link between the dim ages of the past and the bustle and excitement of the present.

He thanked the brethren for the very flattering manner in which they had spoken of him, and the enjoyable entertainment they had organized in his honor. Right Worshipful Brother Sherer, Master of the lodge, also welcomed the commander, and hoped that in the years to come it would be his privilege many times again to honor the flag of his country, and reflect lustre on the fraternity of which he had proved so distinguished a member. The guest of the evening then received the hearty congratulations of all present, and an adjournment was had to the banquet-room, where there were speeches, toasts and singing.

Our illustration shows Commander Gorrington in the act of explaining the operations of taking down the obelisk and the finding of the masonic emblems.

#### Science at Dinner.

"NATURE" describes and illustrates a simple experiment involving the elementary principle of the centre of gravity, which is capable of evoking roars of laughter at a dinner-table. If a dish of snipe has been served up, the head with its long beak may be fixed in a cork; and then two forks being thrust into the sides of the cork and a needle having been fixed into the lower end of it, the cork can be balanced upon a coin laid on the top of a wine bottle, and can be spun slowly around while the snipe's head nods at the various members of the company in turn, and finally stops opposite one of them. By making a slit at the bottom of this cork, putting in a silver quarter, and balancing this upon the point of a needle which rises out of another cork in the neck of the bottle, the apparently impossible feat of spinning a twenty-five cent piece on the point of a needle can be performed with the greatest ease.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The French Presidential Visit to Cherbourg.

The complete success of the visit of M. Grévy, Léon Say and Gambetta to Cherbourg, and the enthusiasm with which the three Presidents representing the Republic were received, is an undoubted proof of the universal popularity of the present régime in France. As the army had been so prominently featured on July 14th, it was generally felt that the navy should have its turn, at least in some small degree, and at first M. Gambetta was asked to pay an official visit to Cherbourg. M. Gambetta suggested, however, that M. Grévy, as supreme head of the State, ought to be asked, and ultimately it was arranged that M. Grévy should go, accompanied by M. Léon Say, the President of the Senate, and M. Gambetta, the President of the Lower Chamber. The three Presidents met with an enthusiastic reception at Cherbourg, and for three days there were continual banquets and festivities, foremost amongst which was the launch of the new ironclad *Magdon*; an official visit to the breakwater and to the flagship *Colbert*; a naval sham fight, a grand dinner, a Venetian fête and a municipal banquet. Of course, there was an unlimited amount of speech-making. M. Grévy, however, though speaking frequently, saying but few words, but always to the point. M. Léon Say saying next to nothing at all, the bulk of the oratory being thus left to M. Gambetta. Although, officially speaking, M. Grévy was the guest of the day, the great mass of the populace looked upon M. Gambetta as the principal personage, and his utterances were regarded as of far greater importance than the cut-and-dried phrases of M. Grévy. To do him justice, however, M. Gambetta invariably put M. Grévy before himself, and begged his hearers not to fix their eyes upon any one man, but themselves to study the good of the country.

##### Grand Choral Festival at Zurich.

In July last Zurich was for the third time the scene of the grand festival of the Swiss Choral Union, and thither proceeded on the 10th the Central Committee and the choirs from all parts of the Confederation. The town was gayly decorated for the occasion, and, despite the spasmodically rainy weather, the population turned out in thousands to welcome the visitors, and to cheer them on their way to the Hall by the Lake, where the official opening took place. The feature of this portion of the fête was a brilliant vocal and instrumental concert, conducted by Herr Hegar, in which 600 singers and 150 orchestral performers took part, and at which selections from Wagner, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, etc., were performed in a way to secure quite an ovation at its conclusion. The next day was entirely devoted to the more serious objects of the meeting. Nearly a hundred societies competed separately in popular and classical music, among those who took part in the proceedings being several foreign choirs, French and German. A large audience liberally applauded these performances, which, for the most part, were excellent. It was on the 12th of July, however, that the culminating point in the celebration was reached, when the eighty-two competing choirs of the previous day, about 4,000 persons in all, took part in a grand choral concert, which comprised some of the most exacting works of the great German composers. In connection with the festival there was a regatta on the lake, and water sports, in which all the local boat clubs participated. It is this portion of the festival which our artist has selected for illustration.

##### The Battle of Tacna.

The Chilean army gained a victory of great importance on the 27th of May last, in driving the Peruvian-Bolivians from the heights and intrenchments which protect the approaches to the town of Tacna, and in taking the town itself. This battle, which was the most sanguinary of any which has taken place since the commencement of the campaign, ended in the complete rout of the allies. The losses of the Chileans in this battle are set down at 400 soldiers killed and 1,284 wounded, 25 officers killed and 99 wounded, making a total of 1,789 men *hors de combat*. The loss of the allies amounted to 1,000 men killed and 1,300 wounded, 1,500 prisoners, 10 guns, 6 mitrailleuses, 3,500 rifles, and 647 cases of ammunition.

##### The Feast of St. Rosalie at Palermo.

The City of Palermo under all changes of government and political ideas, in peace and war, in plenty and in distress, has continued for centuries to celebrate for three days the feast of her patroness, St. Rosalie, a holy virgin who retired in the twelfth century to Monte Eretu, and died there, her body remaining entire until found by some brigands, who were on the spot converted from their evil ways. The festivities include displays of fireworks, one of the chief being given at a structure raised for the purpose and adorned with paintings commemorative of some event in the history of Sicily. This year the epoch was the reign of William II., the Norman. The pictures showed his mother, Margaret, his meeting Pope Alexander III., his defeat of the King of Morocco, his fleet sent to relieve Tyre, and the building of the Cathedral of Monreale. There are processions, one of them fantastic, and balls and banquets open to all. The city is crowded with strangers and people from country parts who all defer visits so as to reach Palermo and enjoy these days of merriment.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE census supervisors give the population of Kansas as 996,300.

—ALL the coal mines in the Scranton regions have resumed work on full time.

—CONSIDERABLE quantities of ice are being shipped in Norwegian ports for the United States.

—THE customs receipts for the month of August were in round numbers \$19,600,000, against \$17,000,000 in July.

—THE American Chargé d'Affaires at Rio Janeiro reports the American trade in Brazil as daily growing in extent.

—IN consequence of the mediation of Italy, France and England, the Governments of Chili and Peru have opened negotiations.

—A STATUE of Germania was unveiled at Dresden, September 24. It was erected as a memorial of the share taken by the Saxon Army in the war of 1870.

—IT is understood that the naval demonstration in Turkish waters will begin on the 15th inst. The British squadron to take part in the naval demonstration has sailed from Palermo for Ragusa.

—THE coinage executed at the Philadelphia Mint during the month of August aggregates 3,909,600 pieces, valued at \$2,406,800. Of this amount there was 96,400 eagles, 63,200 half eagles, 1,100,000 silver dollars and 2,680,000 cents.

—A GERMAN Cabinet order appoints the 15th of October as the date for the ceremonies of the consecration and opening of the recently completed Cologne Cathedral. The Emperor William and his family, and other royal personages, will be present.

—FIVE Prussian officers of the general staff, with the sanction of the German Government and the War Office, have accepted appointments in the service of the Sultan, and will leave soon for Constantinople. Some civil functionaries are expected to follow.

—AS an illustration of the great increase in the importance of hop culture in America, it is sufficient to state that the crop, which in 1839 aggregated only 6,193 bales, increased to 110,000 bales in 1879, and will, it is estimated, amount to 125,000 bales this year.

—INTERNAL revenue receipts for August amount to \$10,497,691, a gain of \$1,069,127 over the corresponding month of 1879. The total gain in receipts for the first two months of the present fiscal year, July and August, over the same months in 1879, is \$2,428,937.

—THE French Government, as soon as the Chambers resume, will introduce a Bill for the sale of that portion of the crown jewels not considered of artistic value, but estimated to be worth 7,500,000 francs, the proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of works of art.

—MR. NIMMO, chief of the Bureau of Statistics, has published his report on the proposed interoceanic canal. He thinks the canal would not be extensively used except by steam vessels, and consequently would not affect to any considerable extent the commercial interests of the United States.

—RAIN continues in nearly all parts of Minnesota, and harvest operations are delayed. Threshing machines are standing in the fields ready to start, but the grain is too wet. In Iowa many of the stacks are covered with green sprouts. The heavy rains have not particularly damaged corn as yet.

—GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT S. I. KIMBALL, of the United States Life-Saving Service, ordered the equipment of the forty-two life saving stations along the New Jersey coast, to take place September 1st—one month earlier than usual—because of the prediction of unusually heavy September gales.

—THE American Turners of Milwaukee arrived at this city last week, bringing the highest prizes for wrestling and other athletic sports, which they had won at the Turners' International Field at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. They were warmly welcomed by the Turner Societies of New York and New Jersey.

—ATTORNEY-GENERAL DEVENS has received a telegram from Marshal Osborne, at Montgomery, informing him of the arrest in Covington County, Ala., of Pen-ton and nine other persons, who are charged with beating and intimidating United States witnesses and destroying processes from the United States Courts.

—At a recent meeting of German doctors interested in the treatment of insane persons, a paper was read by the Director of the Brunswick State Lunatic Asylum, in which he maintains that much of the increase of insanity in Germany is attributable to the excessive amount of work imposed upon the pupils in the national schools.

—A NEW company has been formed in Paris with a capital of 10,000,000 francs to establish factories for making sugar from beet root in various parts of the province of Quebec, each factory to cost from \$100,000 to \$120,000. A scientific expert named Delalande has been sent from Paris to report upon the capabilities and resources of Canada.

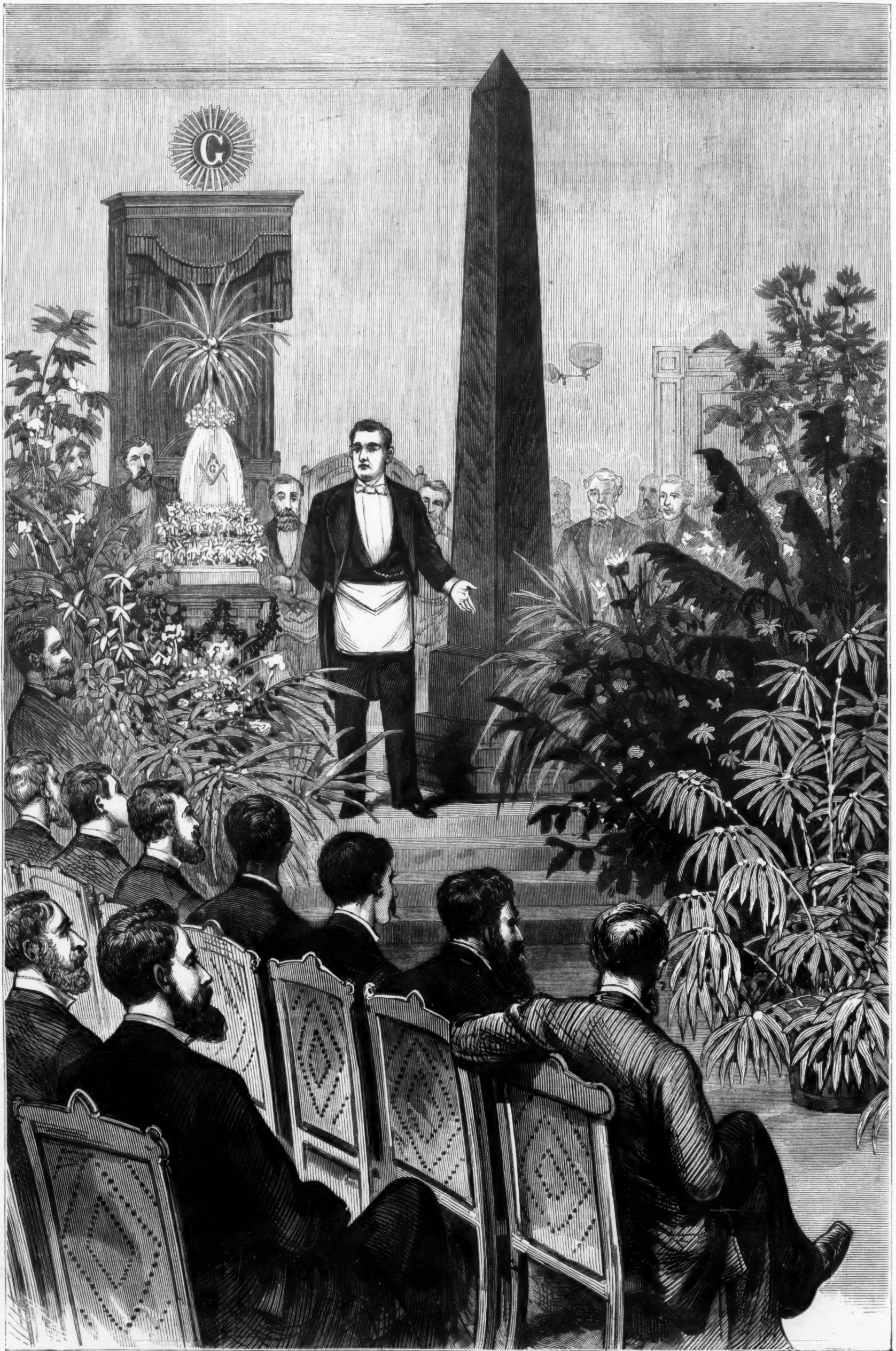
—RETURNS of the Chicago Clearing House for August are stated at \$137,000,000, against \$96,000,000 for the corresponding month of last year. This shows an increase of 42 per cent. The clearings for the first eight months of the year are reported at \$1,053,000,000, against \$738,000,000 for the same period in 1879, showing an increase of 43 per cent.

—THE Post Office Department has ordered the transportation of United States mails over the recently completed portion of the Southern Pacific Railway from Azusa, Arizona, to Benson, Arizona, a distance of 300 miles. This completes a continuous route of mail transportation by rail from San Francisco through the entire length of the State of California and nearly across the southern portion of Arizona, a distance of over 1,000 miles.

—RUSSIA has decided to transfer the new Kuldja negotiations to Peking, whither M. Butzow, the Russian Minister, will shortly proceed. The Marquis Tseng has informed Russia that China desires to substitute for the Livadia Treaty a convention ceding the whole Tai Territory. Russia, while not refusing to lighten the conditions of the Livadia Treaty, demands a rectification of the frontier, for the purpose of ending disorder, and also requires the possession of a portion of Kuldja to establish a colony of Dringans, who would otherwise be left to the vengeance of the Chinese.

—THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company is beginning to reap the advantages of its liberal expenditure in placing its road, branches and leased lines in the best possible working condition. Perhaps no road in the country now equals the Pennsylvania in the condition of its tracks and the character of its equipments. The latest report of the business of all lines of the company east of Pittsburgh and Erie, shows an increase in gross earnings for the seven months of 1880, as compared with the same period in 1879, of \$4,686,752, and an increase in net earnings of \$2,551,444. All lines west of Pittsburgh and Erie, for the seven months of 1880 show a surplus over liabilities of \$1,511,963, being a gain over the same period in 1879 of \$2,034,721.



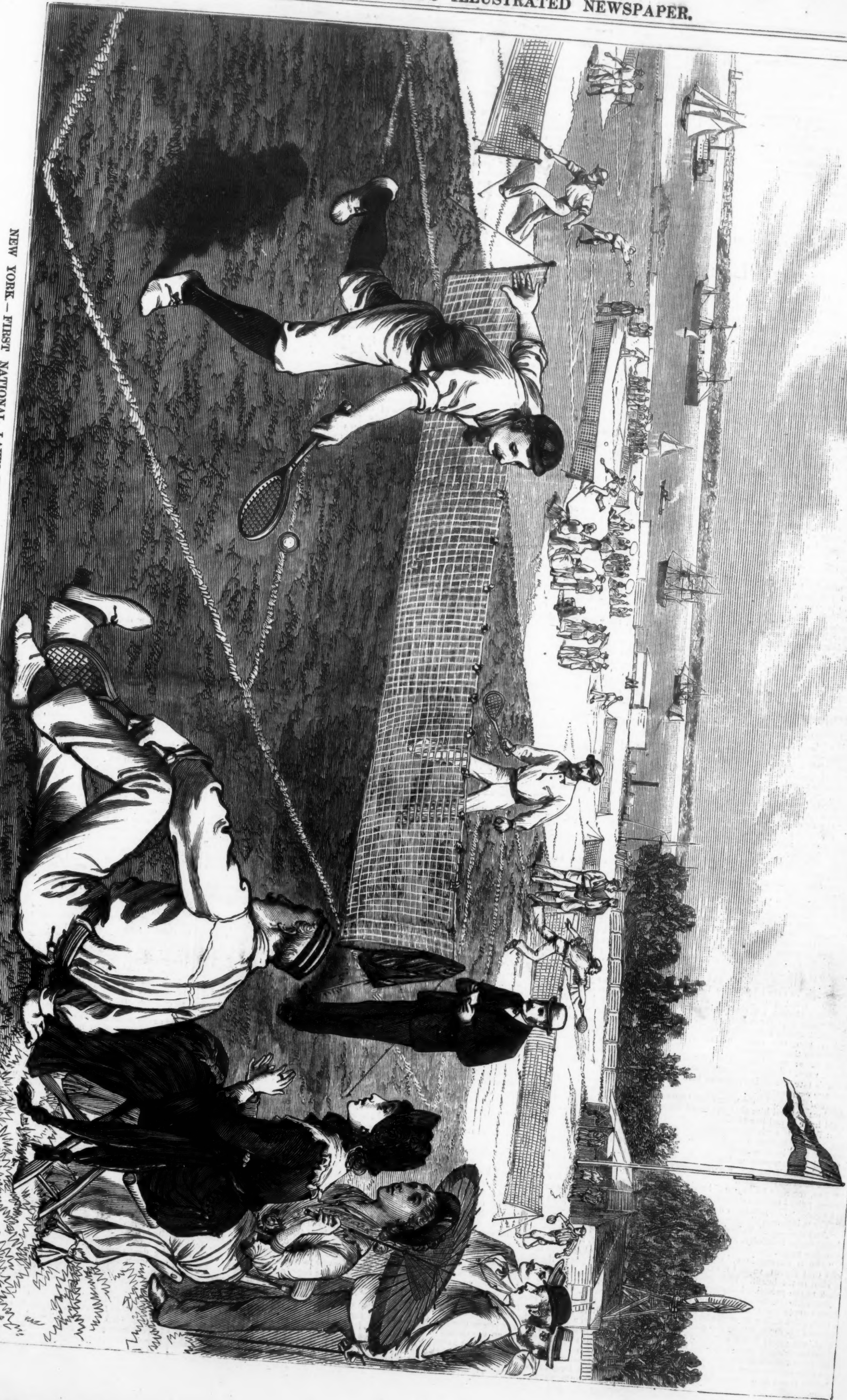


NEW YORK.—RECEPTION OF LT.-COM. GORRINGE, U.S.N., BY ANGLO-SAXON LODGE, No. 137, F. AND A. M., BROOKLYN, SEPTEMBER 1ST.  
EXPLAINING THE MASONIC EMBLEMS ON THE EGYPTIAN OBELISK.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 39.



NEW YORK - FIRST NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT, NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 43.

Ogden





## THE BREAKERS BROKEN.

ONWARD, onward, never higher!  
Upward, upward, never higher!  
Ah! waves, ah! men, shall brave endeavor  
Fall back in froth and foam for ever?

Yet mark those eager crests that hover,  
Like birds the moving wave-mass over;  
The waves roll back, but they dash on;  
The dry sands drink them: one by one  
They perish on the beach forlorn.

As they die, a thought emerges  
Ghost-like from the shattered surges;  
"To strive is still to fail; the strongest  
In striving most but suffer longest."

Far sweeter than mad surface motion  
The dim green depths of unstirred ocean?  
More happy than the windy crest  
A lowly life where love and rest  
House in the chambers of the breast!

## THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,  
AUTHOR OF "IN THE MRSHER," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE END OF JACK.

A COLD, starless Russian night is settling down. Another day has passed in the dreary solitude of the prison, and as yet no knowledge of her fate has come to Maize. For the first time since her imprisonment Jack has not visited her through the day. A perfect madness of impatience has fastened upon her, and under the torturing, agonizing suspense, she paces back and forth her cell like a caged tigress.

At last upon the death-like silence of the prison breaks the tread of feet. Instantly she pauses in her rapid walk and stands motionless in the far end of the cell, awaiting the coming of her jailer.

The lock turns, the door opens, and two big, brutal-faced keepers stand upon the threshold. Through the gloom—the cell is filled with fast-falling dusk—they see her weird, white face and the shining of her golden-crowned head. She looks so still, so white, so wondrous in her cold, frozen beauty, that a shuddering awe settles upon them, and they stand irresolute in the door.

"You come for me?" Her steady, icy voice falls upon the hush that they have not the courage to break.

"Yes, miladie."

She bends her proud, tawny head.

"Very well; I am ready."

They advance in silence, and while she extends her arms, upon the rounded wrist, whose model adorns many a sculptor's sanctum, they clasp the heavy iron shackles, and, one on either side, lead her to the Public.

An hour later a man staggers out of the court-room—staggers in a blind, uncertain, dazed way, as though stricken with death—and runs heavily against a massive figure that is pacing back and forth the outer corridor. Toboskie mutters a curse, believing the blind personage drunk, and is about to move on when he catches a glimpse of his face.

"My God, Jack!" Then he stops quickly and his hands clinch; one sight of that frozen face, with its blanched horror, is enough. It tells him that the end has come.

Still in that deadly stillness Jack, without looking at him, clutches his arm and drags him out in the night far away from that dull, horrible roar of many voices that comes from the court-chamber. As they stand out in the frosty air, Toboskie looks at his companion.

"What is it? How have they decided?" He makes several attempts before he can utter the words.

But Jack does not hear. He stands with his face gray, like the leaden sky above, his eyes dull and expressionless. Over the city the wind is rising in fitful gusts, and through the gloom of the oncoming night flickers small, fine flakes of snow. It is inestimably dreary, but upon the souls of these two men has settled a dread and darkness infinitely worse.

"Speak! Tell me, for God's sake! I had not the courage to stand by while they read the sentence. What is it?"

Toboskie shakes his companion's arm, but cannot rouse him from that abstraction that strongly, horribly resembles death.

"Will you tell me?" he cries, fiercely.

"What was the sentence?" Jack never withdraws his eyes from that distant, vacant look, as he puts into words this woman's fate whose horror and bitterness no language can portray.

"Exiled for life!" He utters no reproaches—he does not tell him that one word from him would have saved her this.

But Toboskie reels back against the stone column, for one instant overpowered. Yet it is no more than he expected.

"God have mercy on her!"—the delirious mutter breaks from him unconsciously.

Jack is briefly roused.

"Yes, for man had none!" he says, that old, strong, proud spirit awakening in him for the last time. "She has been hunted to her death, yet she is innocent!"

"And she—?" Toboskie puts the question shranklingly, fearfully, as if he had no right to take her name.

"She is unconscious," says Jack, relapsing into that absent, vacant manner. "She fell as if shot to the heart. They carried her out—back to the prison. I am going to her now."

Toboskie looks at him; he sees that old, dark-purple hue has returned to his face, upon which rests also a grayish shadow as of death. Around his eyes, which are glazed and unnatural, are great black circles where the dark blood has settled. Looking at this man—this pitiable wreck of his former self—a nameless dread and fear settles upon the statesman. He sees that he is not in a fit condition to be trusted alone.

"I will go with you to the door, and wait outside until you are ready to return. You are not quite well, I think."

Jack says nothing, does not even seem to hear, but, turning, walks up the steps and into the building again. By an inner passage they reach the prison, and Toboskie steps aside as his companion, admitted by the jailer, enters the cell.

Sitting upon the bed is the woman upon whom the sentence of Russia's severity has so recently been passed. She is very pale, but outwardly composed, save for a wild, desperate gleam that fills her large, sunken eyes. As Jack staggers into the cell she flings out her hands, though a great and sudden weakness holds her powerless, and in her throat breaks a tearless sob; but her eyes are dry and burning with that great light.

Jack sinks on the iron bed beside her. He says not a word, but he folds his arms tightly around her, and she feels the rapid, uneven heaving of his chest—folds her away in his arms as when she was a little child, passing an unsteady hand again and again over the rich gold of her loosened hair, and looking downwards, with that crushed, heartrending look, into the blanched loveliness of her quivering face.

"Maize," he whispers, piteously. "Maize!" "What, dear?" The girl has to steady herself before she replies. The sight of Jack's stricken, blinding misery is the last drop in her cup.

"Maize, have I always done everything for you I could? Have I always made your life happy? Looking back now, I am afraid there was some little thing more I might have done for you. That I was not always as careful of your happiness as I should have been." The dull, tired eyes look down at her in great tenderness. From the girl breaks a wordless cry of much suffering, while the weary voice continues. "And I hope you believe, dear, that I never doubted you. I know you are innocent. I never doubted you even for a moment. Nothing could ever shake my faith. I know you too well for that." A shadow of the old, fond smile flits athwart the darkly drawn lips.

"And I have tried to save you. I think in that I have done everything I could. There is nothing in the world that I would not do for you, but I am so helpless—so powerless! Maize, I wish you had died when you were a little child; I wish, for your sake, dear, you had never grown to womanhood. But I never doubted you, I trusted you always. I trust you now." Jack suddenly drops his arms and staggers to his feet. In the next instant through the silence of the dungeon rings wild and shudderingly the echo of a woman's shriek, and Toboskie in the corridor hurries aside the keeper and unlocking the door rushes into the cell. Upon the floor lies poor Jack, and beside him, propping his head upon her arm, kneels Maize, vainly striving to stanch a stream of dark blood flowing from his lips, and which every moment increases. Toboskie kneels upon the other side and looks down into the purple face of the dying man—Jack with his great, generous soul—Jack with his willing spirit and weak flesh. Even a child could see that this erring, wasted, dissolute life is very near its end—that the once gay, rollicking, irrepressible spirit is going downwards into the valley and the shadow of death. In this moment enmity and hatred are forgotten, and, in a wild, terrified appeal, Maize turns her eyes upon Toboskie.

"Save him—oh, my God! save him!" she cries.

At the voice those closed lids unfasten and the dull eyes suddenly brighten, as with a desperate effort he lays his hand upon her face.

"Ah, it is Maize—poor little Maize," he murmurs, while the old boyish smile lights up his face. "I found her in Athens where she lay in the sun. I never doubted you, dear—never, never!" Even in his death-hour that grand and entire faith clings to him. "Ah, I am so tired—so very tired, mother! and I have borne so much; things have never been as they were before you died, but I guess they won't be rough on me up there; maybe you will say a word for your boy? And don't forget Maize; and you will know me, mother, even though my hair has grown gray. Ah, it has been a long time, a very long time." And thus he wanders on, but never one word does he utter of Gypsy. The spirit drawing so near eternity is shorn of its earthly weaknesses and desires, and across his tired and failing brain there comes no memory of this frail and fickle woman.

In the cell is an intense stillness, while Jack lies dying. He has still strength to clasp tightly the hand of the girl, who sits motionless as marble and stupefied by this last blow. And all the while that great but indefinable change settles over his face, while the shadow of death draws nearer and nearer and fills the cell.

At last the tired eyes unclose for the last time upon scenes of earth. He raises himself high in her arms and looks around the cell, while the present drifts back.

"I have done all I could, Maize," he whispers; "but it will all come right in the end I am dying, Maize. Good-night, dear!" The beautiful, white head sinks down upon her breast, and she thinks the spirit has fled.

Stricken with agony and remorse, Toboskie grasps one of the fast-chilling hands and bends over his dying friend.

"Have you no word for me?" he cries, in anguish. "Say that you forgive me. If you can find pardon, look up in my face."

There is only an imperceptible pause, and he never knows whether it is occasioned by weakness, or whether, even in death, this soul has to struggle ere it can vouch full forgiveness; but after that instant the great, death-scoured eyes, that have gathered back a look of that long-vanished boyhood, look up in a vast, mute pardon, while his lips move, and

they both bend low to catch those last feeble words.

"Not a sparrow falls without the Father's notice." It is all he says, but it is enough. Toboskie knows that his mother's God has in this hour given back to him the comfort of His abiding love. There is a swift shudder throughout the length and breadth of that magnificent form—a look of mortal suffering upon the face, and the head falls back. Jack is dead!

## CHAPTER XXXIV.—TOBOSKIE YIELDS.

"I WISH to see the prisoner." The cold voice rouses the sleepy guard as he lounges in front of the cell he watches, and he straightens himself and looks half-fearfully at the speaker. Every one in Russia knows those calm, incisive tones, that dark, cameo face.

"But, my lord—" begins the guard, tremblingly.

"Admit me!"

"My orders have been very strict to admit no one, my lord. Fears are entertained that the aristocrat—er—" The guard stops precipitately, as he suddenly remembers that he is addressing one of the Order. "Fears are entertained," he resumes, carefully, "that an attempt to rescue the prisoner may be made. And to-morrow she is sent off to the mines."

"You villain!"—Toboskie can never tolerate resistance—"do you presume to refuse admittance to me? Step aside."

The guard shrinks back in a panic, and the statesman stands motionless for a moment before the door. From the cell he hears the slow, measured tread of feet that are pacing back and forth the dungeon. Standing there in the gloom of the prison-corridor, a mortal cowardice briefly fastens upon him—a cowardice of this woman whom he has refused to save. But as quickly as it comes it vanishes, and he taps upon the panel of the door.

Instantly the steps cease, and, after a brief silence, a voice—the voice—demands the name of the applicant. At a motion from the count the guard steps forward and announces:

"Count Raoul Toboskie."

This time there is a much longer pause ere the response comes in a hard voice, from which all the rich melody has been crushed.

"Admit him."

The lock turns, the door opens, and Toboskie is in the prison-cell, which is imperfectly lighted by a burning taper. Before him, like the angels of Guido, stands the woman accused of her crime. Though outside the city clocks are chiming for midnight, he sees that no rest or slumber has yet visited her. She stands in the far end of the cell, her hand resting on the ledge of the window, her burnished hair gleaming bright in the shadows, her magnificent form clothed in some rich, sombre stuff, above which he sees the white, imperial majesty of her face, the majestic poise of her head, her throat and her proud shoulders. He gazes at her with a hard, fixed, agonized stare, as she turns upon him her eyes, filled with their lustre and languor.

"To what am I indebted for this unexpected honor?"

While her voice is cold and proud, and herself thoroughly composed, a fever of madness and passion is consuming him. His stately ease, his haughty immovability, are swept away, and at last he has sunk down to the common level of other men—to love and to suffer.

"I came here to see you once again." His voice is filled with a passionate despair. "I know that I have no right to seek you, yet to-night I could bear it no longer, and I am here."

"I am disappointed," she says, coldly, while in her eyes is a grand wrath for this man who dares hold her guilty. "I thought you had come from Gypsy, or perhaps to tell me something of—Jack!"

He sees now that this is why he was admitted, but he has not the courage to say that he will leave her.

"I have nothing to tell you," he says, and seeing her steady, glorious eyes, strives to regain his strength and composure. "You already know that Gypsy has a relapse of the fever, and that Lord Ashurst's remains were embalmed and sent to England to be entombed in the family vault."

"No, I did not know," she replies, and across her straight lips flits a smile that almost sickens Toboskie, so mad and bitter is it. "You forget, Count Toboskie, that I am a prisoner. I never saw Jack after his corpse was carried out from my cell—never even knew what they had done with him. But I am glad that they sent him back to England, very glad, since we cannot be together."

The count's hands clinch; he sees how entirely she is separated from the world—how heavy and bitter is this blow that has crushed her. He looks at her, still in that fixed, suffering regard, and over him steals the spell of her loveliness that always fired him like unto wine. The Grecian luxuriousness of her beauty holds a certain beguiling sensuousness which, though far removed from mere matter, rouses his fiercest passions. The same as the firm lips shut over the great agony of soul, the slender clasped hands, the grand, brave eyes that scorn pleading for any earthly favor, rouse his noblest attributes, and, in spite of his suspicion of her, wrings from his torn, harassed soul a high tribute of admiration and even of awe. He knows that her spirit, enfranchised from all natural weakness, looks steadily forward to its living death; that when she comes to the fagot and the flames this unflinching, lofty courage will sustain her unflinchingly to the end. And yet he sees that she is still warm and womanly—that while she goes forward to her fate with proud endurance, it is because it is inevitable—that in the hidden depths of her mighty soul there is a secret dread and horror of her doom, though none but God shall read one pang that she suffers.

He sees the soft, beguiling loveliness of her splendor, the lofty, spiritual significance of martyrdom: all this is lost to him—lost through his own madness; for in this hour that spirit of horror and abnegation that has actuated him through the past grows paltry and insignificant. He loves this woman, and he has suddenly grown to know that he cannot give her up. He had prided himself upon his strength and endurance, but he sees that he is no stronger nor braver than his fellows.

A mighty conflict is waging within his breast, and under the smooth, dusky skin of that haughty face the proud blood comes and goes swiftly, and his teeth are set as in physical pain. Scarcely conscious of his actions, he draws his handkerchief from his pocket to wipe his forehead, upon which stands the dank dews of suffering, and as he does so an article besides the linen is drawn from the same receptacle and falls upon the floor between them. It is very small—nothing but a woman's slipper—yet as it lies there upon the floor a pallor as of death sweeps both their faces, and a quiver momentarily disturbs the hard lines of the girl's mouth—it reminds her so forcibly of that time, separated from the present by ages of suffering, when they stood together in the dusky shadows of the old apartment with the future clouds all unseen.

The sudden sight of the slipper completes Toboskie's madness; in his eyes rushes a desperate, delirious purpose. Guilt or innocence, shame or honor, what are they to love? Under the fires of his mighty passion he stands ready to sacrifice his all upon the altar of love. Suddenly upon him falls a great calmness more powerful than passionate outburst, and born of his intense excitement. He takes her hand, and looks down in the soft alluring heaven of her eyes.

"I yield," he says, his voice filled with a thrilling pathos. "I love you better than ever mortal man loved woman before. I have struggled for days and nights to uproot this love from my heart, to tear your image from my soul, but I cannot, and I have tried so hard. I think no man ever struggled more than I have to abide by honor and justice. But I am conquered. I struggled with my weakness, because, mark you, I believe you guilty—I more than all the world have cause to suspect you. But what of it? Standing here branded with your crime, I love you with all my heart and soul; my whole nature has gone out to you. What is honor? Once I held it very dear—even yet I hold it dearer than life; but compared to you it is nothing. I lay my all at your feet, my honor, my manhood, my life, and what I prize dearer—my country." He pauses for some reply, but she stands mute as stone, though a thrill of hot delight passes through her—a delight for which she could kill herself a moment after.

"Everything I have I give to you," he repeats, with something of passion now. "Oh, my God! I cannot live without you. I ask you here before God, will you be my wife? I cannot talk as I would: my lips seem mute. But if I could, I would tell you of the singleness of my love, of its great and immutable strength. It will never falter, Maize, never—never! It will cherish you through all the future, it will hide you away from the guilt and darkness of the present, it will make it impossible for any coldness or doubt to come between us. And do you fear that I would ever reproach you with what is gone? Oh, never, never! I would only remember my love—I would only remember that you were mine! Will you listen to me? If you will, I will break your fetters. I will give you my whole life, I will give you what I prize more than all else—my good name and my country. I will take you away to-night—it can be done!"—with passionate eagerness. "I will brand myself with infamy. I will steal away in the night like a thief, for I would be one. I would even be a traitor, sacrificing to you the trust that is imposed in me. I will even go away, if you go with me, and never set foot upon the dear old soil again, making myself an alien and an exile. But it is nothing—nothing, if it be done for you. Will you, Maize? Will you take me for all the future, even as I give up all for you—living only in you, for you, by you?"

She sees him for the first time in a new phase. His eyes grow passionate, tender, luminous; his voice thrills with a dangerous sweetness. He stands so close to her that she almost feels the rapid beating of his heart. And as she looks at him, suddenly between them rises the spectre of her slaughtered womanhood. She sees the shame, the persecution, the agony, the long torture of doubt and suspense, and last, but more vividly than all, Jack—poor, dead Jack!—as he fell prostrate at her feet, stricken with the same fell blow that has crushed her. Her old desperate wrath and vengeance rise warm in her breast. Between her and this man, upon whom she has sworn to avenge her wrongs, is an enmity bitterer than death, and which she feels that she can never bury.

"Will you listen to me?" urges the passionate, adoring voice. "Will you give yourself to my keeping? Oh, Maize, my darling! I think man never suffered as I have suffered in the past—I think man never loved as I love. Will you let me set you free?"

And as she listens a grand imperial smile overspreads her face with triumphant pride. She has conquered at last.

"It is too late," she says, and in her voice is the death-knell to his hopes. "Between you and me is a gulf that can never be bridged."

A great hoarse cry breaks from him, and, sinking at her feet, he buries his face in her garment.

"Oh, my God!" he mutters. "I have given her all—yet she spurns me! In the sight of God I have made myself a traitor—have bartered my soul—and all of no avail! Have you no pity—no mercy?"

"Had you any for me?"—the girl's voice is



inflexible as steel. "You have wronged me as no man ever wronged woman before. And I will never forgive it! And some day you will see that I am innocent. You have been proud of your power, your resolution, your wisdom, but the time shall come when you will see how you have erred in your judgment of me. So far in my life you have always misjudged me, but the end shall come, soon or late. Until then I am content."

"And you will not let me aid you?"—he lifts his haggard, smitten face, but she is as inexorable as fate.

"No," she says. "To save me from the living death to which you have once consigned me, I will not accept a favor at your hands. To-morrow I commence my bondage—my bondage of shame and want and suffering; but if you were to burst my shackles and throw open my prison-doors, and this moment say, 'Go, you are free!' I would not accept my freedom. The hand that has slaughtered me and mine shall never be taken by me in friendship."

"You are mad!" he says, and, springing to his feet, his eyes, hot and lurid, look savagely down at her. "You throw away your last chance of salvation. You don't know the horror, the misery, the endless woe of a life of exile, or you would not trifle with me. I tell you it would kill you!"

"Oh, no, it would not!"—a dreary, bitter smile flits athwart her colorless face. "I have lived through worse agony than that—lived, while every moment I was praying for death, yet death would not come. I lived though I saw the man I loved better than a father fall dead at my feet, slain by my injuries. No one but God knows how I suffered in those long, miserable days! I would have given my life for one look at him—only one last look! yet it was denied me. I wonder now that I did not go mad. What I had suffered was as ease compared with that trial. I bribed the jailer to tell me the day and the hour when the funeral procession would pass. Then I pleaded and prayed to him, and gave him all of money and valuables I had, to let me see it, just to let me look upon the hearse as it went by. He consented, and took me to another cell fronting the street, and I saw the coffin—Jack's coffin—where they had shut him away from me! And never again would I see him—never again, after all that we had been to one another. If I could only have looked upon him—only have seen his dear face before they took it for ever away! But I never shall—never again see Jack!"

Her words end in a moan, and he shudders as he listens. He sees himself what ghastly phantoms of guilt and suffering stand for ever between them.

"I tell you this," she resumes, after a pause, in which she has regained her self-control, "to show you that nothing in the future can kill me. And now I shall be glad if this interview will terminate. To-morrow, in the sunrise, I go out to the life to which you have doomed me. Surely until then I may be left in peace."

He looks at her, and something in his eyes reminds her of that last heart-broken glance of Jack's, yet she never wavers. In her heart is a bitterness for him that she is not yet ready to suppress. Still he looks at her in that hard agonized stare, as if his very soul were being torn from him. He sees the soft gleaming of her golden hair, the steady lustre of her shining eyes, the lofty fearless majesty of her cloudless face. All this lost to him for evermore! And he has loved her with the force of ripe passion, with all that steadfastness of first love.

Suddenly before his weary, haggard eyes rushes the memory of that far off day on the English Channel. He sees the clear, Greek-faced child standing facing him upon the sands. He remembers that his first acquaintance with her commenced in strife, and so it seems must it end. All the tenderness, the weakness, of his futile love rises warm in his breast and banishes that brief recent rage. He looks at her, his eyes lustrous and passion-laden, and pleads for the last time for her love.

"Can you not forgive and forget?" he says, tremulously. "Will you not accept my love and give yourself into my keeping?" And surely, according to his light, he has much more to overlook and forget than she. But she is inexorable. That one dark phase of her character—vengeance, as remorseless and never dying as her pride—has been brought forward and crushes all other and nobler sentiments.

"It is too late!" she says, and he shudders as he hears.

"Then I must leave you? Think, we may be—doubtless are—looking upon one another for the last time. Can you speak the word that separates us for ever? Must I leave you?"

She bends her haughty golden head. It may be that she has not the strength just then to speak, but he sees that his case is hopeless. A passionate yearning sweeps his soul. He takes one step nearer her and looks down in her steady eyes.

"May I kiss you good-by?" he says, slowly.

"No!"

"May I take your hand?"

"You may not even take my hand!"

One long, last look, and he turns and leaves the cell.

(To be continued.)

#### A LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

THE first national lawn-tennis tournament ever played in the United States commenced on Wednesday last, September 1st, on the grounds of the Staten Island Club, Camp Washington, New Brighton. The grounds were in perfect order, and were covered with diagrams. Long nets, looking like seines, were stretched between posts at different points in the field. The boundary fences had received fresh coats of whitewash, and camp-stools for spectators were placed in rows on either side of the several tennis courts. The tournament was open to all comers, and gentlemen

from England and Canada, as well as from different parts of the United States, were entered.

During the play the field presented a very interesting scene. Drags, phaetons, dog-carts, and a four-in-hand drew up at the fence near the entrance to the enclosure, and there were several parties of ladies and gentlemen on horseback, while the grounds in the more immediate vicinity were well-covered with spectators. Towards sunset the view over the bay and down the harbor was particularly fine. The bright and varied costumes of the players lent the scene additional life and attractiveness. The games played were all single games, with twenty-three players entered. These games were continued on the two following days, the prize being a handsome silver cup, valued at \$100, presented for competition by the Staten Island Club. On one side of the trophy is the inscription: "The Champion Lawn-tennis Player of America." The double games commenced on Monday, the 6th.

#### LIFE AND SCENES IN CHILI.

WE give on page 44 an illustration of Santa Lucia, a famous pleasure resort in the City of Santiago, the capital of Chili. The Cerro Santa Lucia, a reddish porphyry gray, rises abruptly in the very heart of the city to a height of over 250 feet, and, having been embellished at a heavy expenditure of money, is in every way one of the most attractive resorts in the whole Santiago province. The hill is lit by gas, and is frequented by all classes of citizens. We also give an illustration of the *cursura*, or national dance of Chili, as seen in a *cursura*, where all visitors are accustomed to drink from a common glass. The movements in this dance are very pleasing, resembling in some respects those in the Spanish fandango, and the scene at a *cursura*, or wayside inn, when occupied by a merry company of loungers, is full of life and color. Our artist has given very effectively the spirit of such a scene.

#### THE JETTIES AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE importance of the City of Charleston as one of the chief seaports of the country has recently been acknowledged in a marked manner by the General Government, liberal appropriations having been made for the construction of the grandest and costliest harbor improvements yet undertaken in the United States, except only at New York and at the mouth of the Mississippi River. The great obstacle to the commerce of the city has always been the bar at the entrance to the harbor, which prevents altogether the passage of the largest vessels, and makes it necessary even for large coastwise steamers to await the tide. By the erection of jetties, or huge walls of masonry, from the north and south sides of the harbor, extending seawards, but gradually approaching each other until only an entrance of half a mile wide is left, it is proposed to make the force of the outgoing current so great as to wash away the bar to the desired depth. Our illustration shows the manner in which the masonry, or rather of timber and brush, are placed in position to give a foundation on which to lay the stone.

#### Sarah Bernhardt's Company.

MR. FREDERICK A. SCHWAB, agent for Mr. Henry E. Abbey in the securing of a company of French artists to support Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt during her American engagement, has completed his work. Mr. Schwab's task was a difficult one, inasmuch as the prevailing idea among the actors and actresses was that they should receive from three to five times their real worth in the way of salaries. However, he finally succeeded in making contracts which, while they are fair to the artists, are, on the whole, in favor of Mr. Abbey.

It is agreed that ocean passage is to be paid only one way, and that no expenses are to be paid in the United States, save only and excepting actual railroad fares from one city to another. Moreover, the artists have not only signed to play certain lines of business, but also such other parts as may be assigned them by the management. The salary list is a large one, amounting in total to about 35,000 francs for some eighteen persons.

The highest-priced artists are Mr. Angelo, the "leading man"—his real name is Bartholomew—and Mlle. Jeanne Bernhardt, the youngest sister of the great actress, each of whom receives 5,000 francs per month. All are engaged for five months, but salaries do not begin until the 8th of November.

Besides the two artists just mentioned, the other principal members of the company are, Mme. Mes, Mlle. Sidney, Mlle. Martel, Mme. Gally, and Messrs. Gangloff, Gally, D'Orsay, Bouillon, Théier, Delétraz, Joliet, and Chamounin, the last named of whom has been twice to America already. Mr. Defossé of the Théâtre Royal, at The Hague, is the stage manager, and Mme. Joliet is the prompter.

The company begin their rehearsals the middle of September on the stage of the Variétés Theatre. They open at Booth's Theatre in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" November 8th.

Mlle. Bernhardt intends to take the ladies of the new continent by storm, not only in her acting, but in the manner of her dresses. A famous house in the Rue de la Paix is now making for her twelve costumes at a cost of 60,000 francs. She has already bought 300 pairs of gloves, and her stockings and slippers are said to be marvels of richness and beauty.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt will be accompanied to America by her son, her valet and his wife, and a maid-servant, all of whose expenses are to be paid by the management. Her sister Jeanne will have three persons in her suite, but their expenses will not be paid by Mr. Abbey.

#### The French Crown Jewels.

THE scheme for the sale of a portion of the French crown jewels is based upon a report recently made by M. Turquet, an official who was delegated by the Minister of Finance and the Budget Committee to report upon the matter. By M. Turquet's recommendation, the whole treasure will be divided into three parts. The first will comprise the historic jewels and stones, which will be placed in the Louvre; the second part will contain the scarce minerals, and will be placed in the Museum of the Ecole des Mines; while the third portion, composed of royal and imperial jewelry, will be put up to auction and sold to the highest bidder, the proceeds to go to form a State Fine Art fund.

M. Turquet has had an inventory made of this princely treasure. One of the most famous of the diamonds is the one called "Regent". It weighs 136½ carats, and is one of extreme whiteness and brilliancy. This stone has a very curious history attaching to it. It was bought by the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, of Pitt, the Governor of Fort St. George, in the year 1717, for \$675,000. When rough the stone weighed 411 carats, and the cutting cost \$10,000. Pitt had purchased this stone in Golconda, of Jamelchund, a Hindoo merchant, as he states in a pamphlet published to clear himself from the reports about his having stolen it. This diamond, however, was actually stolen from the Garde Meuble in 1792, but was restored in a mysterious manner. After this it was recut at a cost of 17,500, an operation which took two years to perform. Napoleon I. was so enamored of this gem that he had it set on the pomel of his sword. Some idea of the size of the Regent may be given when it is stated that it is thirty carats larger than the Koh-i-noor, the latter weighing 106 1-10 carats.

Another remarkable object in the portion to be sold is a round pearl, weighing over twenty-seven carats and valued at \$40,000, and still another is a necklace of pearls, styled *Collier de la reine*, composed of twenty-five pearls, and worth \$199,340. Next comes a long, clear ruby, weighing fifty-six carats and valued at \$10,000. There is also an amethyst of more than thirteen carats, valued at the large sum of \$120,000, and a sapphire of 132 carats, worth \$20,000.

From the year 1476 until 1774 the number of diamonds formally inventoried as "belonging to the Crown" was 7,482. This total, representing a capital of 20,000,000 francs, included the famous "Regent," valued at 2,500,000 francs. During the reign of Louis XV., 1,471 of these diamonds were sold, but others were bought, chiefly for the ornamenting of Court costumes, diamond buttons and sword-hilts enriched with brilliant being all the fashion at the Court of the "beloved" monarch; so that when Louis XVI. came to the throne he found himself the fortunate possessor of 9,547 diamonds of different sizes. In 1792 a great many of these—among them the "Regent"—were stolen from the Garde Meuble; but shortly after their disappearance an anonymous letter reached the Government of the Convention, stating that they would be found buried in the Allée Neuve of the Champs Elysees, where, in fact, they were discovered. From 1807 to 1810 Napoleon I. bought up all the scattered crown jewels that his agents at home and abroad could trace; and the inventory taken of his acquisitions in the latter year exhibited a total of 37,393 brilliants and precious stones of various kinds, valued at 18,922,477 francs. During the Reign of Terror, however, France had irretrievably lost the "Sancy" diamond, purchased by Charles the Bold in 1476—a magnificent opal, known as the "Fire of Troy"—and the renowned "Blue Diamond." Another magnificent brilliant, which Napoleon had carried about him for years during his many campaigns, was mislaid or dropped by him at the battle of Waterloo, and has never since been restored to the French national collection of precious stones.

By selling the jewels of the third class M. Turquet expects to realize ample funds for purchase of works of art wherewith to enrich the National Museum.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Parliament in England has increased the grants for scientific experiments from \$5,000 to \$25,000.

The Swiss are said to be the only nation who have done nothing for geographical exploration beyond their own territory.

Further rich discoveries of gold are reported to have been made in Northern Queensland and Tasmania. It is also stated that gold has been discovered under the basalt in the Brook Mountains, in New South Wales, the first instance of the kind in the colony.

The Aldini Gold Medal (worth 1,000 lire) will be awarded by the Academy of Sciences of the Institute of Bologna to the best memoir on galvanism (animal electricity). Memoirs to be written in Italian, Latin, or French, and sent in before June 30th, 1882.

An Influential Committee has been formed among the members of the Section of Zoology of the Paris Academy of Sciences, and others eminent in that department, to obtain subscriptions for a medal in honor of M. Milne-Edwards, the *doyen* of French zoologists.

M. Paul Solleillet, the African explorer, was entertained at dinner the other day by members of the Paris press. Replying to the toast of his health, the merry Solleillet remarked that he hoped in ten years to be able to return the hospitality shown to him by the press, and to invite his journalistic friends to repair in sleeping-cars to the buffet at the Timbuctoo station.

The inauguration of the first agricultural school in Cuba will probably take place early in September. The Board of Planters is pushing the enterprise with zeal. The municipality of Havana has presented for the purposes of the institution various tracts of land on the outskirts of the city between the Cerro and Puentes Grandes, and the deputation of this province will most likely fix a subvention for the maintenance of the school.

The German Association of Naturalists and Physicists meets at Danzig from September 18th to 24th. Contributions from non-German workers in science are earnestly asked for, and any foreigners who desire to be present at the meeting will receive a hearty welcome. Besides the usual excursions, concerts, and other social gatherings which the Germans know how to manage so well, there will be plenty of work in the twenty-three sections.

The Astronomical Observatory established on the Trocadéro, is not the only scientific establishment which has found a home in the palace of the last Universal Exhibition. A number of microscopes have been arranged in a special room for the benefit of public instruction. The instrument lent by M. Joubert has been placed on the top of one of the towers, where a lift has been arranged for helping visitors to find their way to this exalted station.

The German Admiralty are about to consider the expediency of equipping their line-of-battle ships with torpedo boats. It is suggested that, like ordinary boats, they should be fixed at the sides of vessels, whence during action they could be readily removed to the deck to get up steam and be manned. When the moment came for their employment they could be let down without delay, and, sheltering themselves behind their own vessel, watch for opportunities to sail forth.

The French Government, it is said, is seriously occupied with the consideration of a tunnel under Mount Blanc, and has commissioned M. de Lemnaye, Inspector of Railways, to draw up a comparative report as to the various passages through the Alps that are either completed or in prospect, stating the advantages and disadvantages of each as to distance, gradients and cost of construction. The Mount Blanc route has an advantage of 40 kilometres over the Simplon route, of 55 over the St. Gothard and of 72 over the Mount Cenis routes.

The following is the system of disinfection recommended by the Austrian Government for vessels that had cases of smallpox on board: Sulphur, to the extent of twelve grains per cubic metre to be disinfected, is to be burned in an earthenware basin, placed in the centre of some sand to prevent all risk of fire. All the linen, clothes, etc., are to be hung across the cabin, which is to be hermetically closed for three hours, and afterwards exposed to the strongest possible drafts of air for twelve hours. Then the walls, floor, ceiling, etc., are to be washed with one kilogramme of lime, or one-half a kilogramme of chloride of zinc to every hundred litres of water.

A Few Months after Leverrier's death a commission was established for determining the best means of protecting collieries from fire-damp. The Commission has written a very long report recording the causes of 420 accidents. Sixty-four projects presented by private individuals have been examined, and some new instruments have been designed and are being constructed, viz., an anemometer by Vicaire, a manometer by Le Chatelier, and a registering apparatus for the quantity of air introduced into the galleries. But the composition of coal explosive dust has not been determined, nor the extent of its influence on catastrophes; the chemical analysis of Grissau has not been completed, and the salvage question has not been exhausted. The only substantial benefit is a compilation of mining regulations and a series of propositions which have been transmitted to the French Ministry, and will be laid before Parliament next session.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Queen of the Netherlands has been delivered of a daughter.

THE murderers of Rev. Dr. Parsons, the American missionary, are to be sent to Constantinople for trial.

PRESIDENT HAYES expects to arrive at San Francisco on September 8th. He will not return to Washington until November 1st.

THE retirement of the Grand Duke Nicholas from the command of the Russian Imperial Guards is officially confirmed.

THE trustees of the Ohio University at Columbus have appointed W. A. Mason, of Boston, as instructor of the art department, recently created.

THE amount of the Duchess of Marlborough's Irish Relief Fund on hand was \$11,955 at latest accounts. The total amount contributed is \$675,850.

THE Princess Zorka of Montenegro is seventeen years old, and is a well-educated and beautiful girl. She is to become the wife of the new ruler of Bulgaria.

R. W. CAMERON, of New York, has been appointed Honorary Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada at the approaching international exhibition to be held at Melbourne, Victoria.

LORD RIFON, the new Viceroy of India, has given \$10,000 towards the erection of a new Roman Catholic cathedral at Simla, the headquarters of the Government during hot weather.

J. F. LYON, of Montville, a graduate of Norwegian Free Academy, and afterwards a teacher in the same institution, has recently graduated from the Heidelberg University in Germany, with the highest honors ever awarded by that celebrated school of learning.

MISS BEATRICE TROLLOPE, daughter of Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope, the novelist, has just been married in Paris to Mr. Charles Stuart Wortley, a member of Parliament. The bride was given away by her father and wore a frock of cream-colored muslin, her bonnet being trimmed with orange-blossoms.

THE Emperor of Germany has returned to Babelsberg, his Summer residence, near Potsdam, very much the better for his visit to Ems and Gastein. The Empress, who has been making a tour on the Italian lakes, has returned to the electoral palace at Coblenz. The increasing delicacy of her health has caused much anxiety to her family.

THE Queen of the Belgians is a fine whip, and wherever she goes her phaeton and four beautiful ponies go with her. Driving with her daughter Stephanie lately at Bruges, she was stopped in Breydel Street by a policeman, as there is not room for two vehicles to pass, and traffic is permitted only in one direction. The Queen smilingly suggested that no vehicle was in sight, so mightn't she go? But the man was inexorable, and the Queen put back.

An invitation has been extended to the Right Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, D.D., Bishop of Long Island, by the Syndicate of Cambridge University, England, to deliver a series of sermons in the university pulpit. This is the first time, we believe, that an American divine has been invited to fill a place heretofore assigned to one or another of the distinguished theologians of the Church of England. The bishop will sail, it is understood, during the latter part of October, and deliver the course of sermons on the Sundays of November.

DR. CHARLES T. JACKSON died at Somerville, Mass., August 29th, after an illness that had lasted seven years. In his early life he was engaged in geological surveys over a considerable part of the Northern States. His long controversy with Professor Morse relating to the electric telegraph excited much interest in the early history of telegraphy. The use of anesthesia to destroy pain he regarded as the great discovery of his life, but the claim was disputed, which was a bitter disappointment to him. He was seventy-four years of age.

THE Rt. Rev. P. A. Feehan, now Bishop of Nashville, is promoted to be the first Archbishop of Chicago, Chicago having been raised to the dignity of a Metropolitan See, with Alton and Peoria as its Suffragan Sees. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Duggan, formerly Bishop of Chicago, being in infirm health, is retired on a pension of \$2,000 a year. Kansas City, hitherto in the Archdiocese of St. Louis, is made an Episcopal See, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hogan, now Bishop of St. Joseph, is named its first Bishop, and remains administrator of the Diocese of St. Joseph.

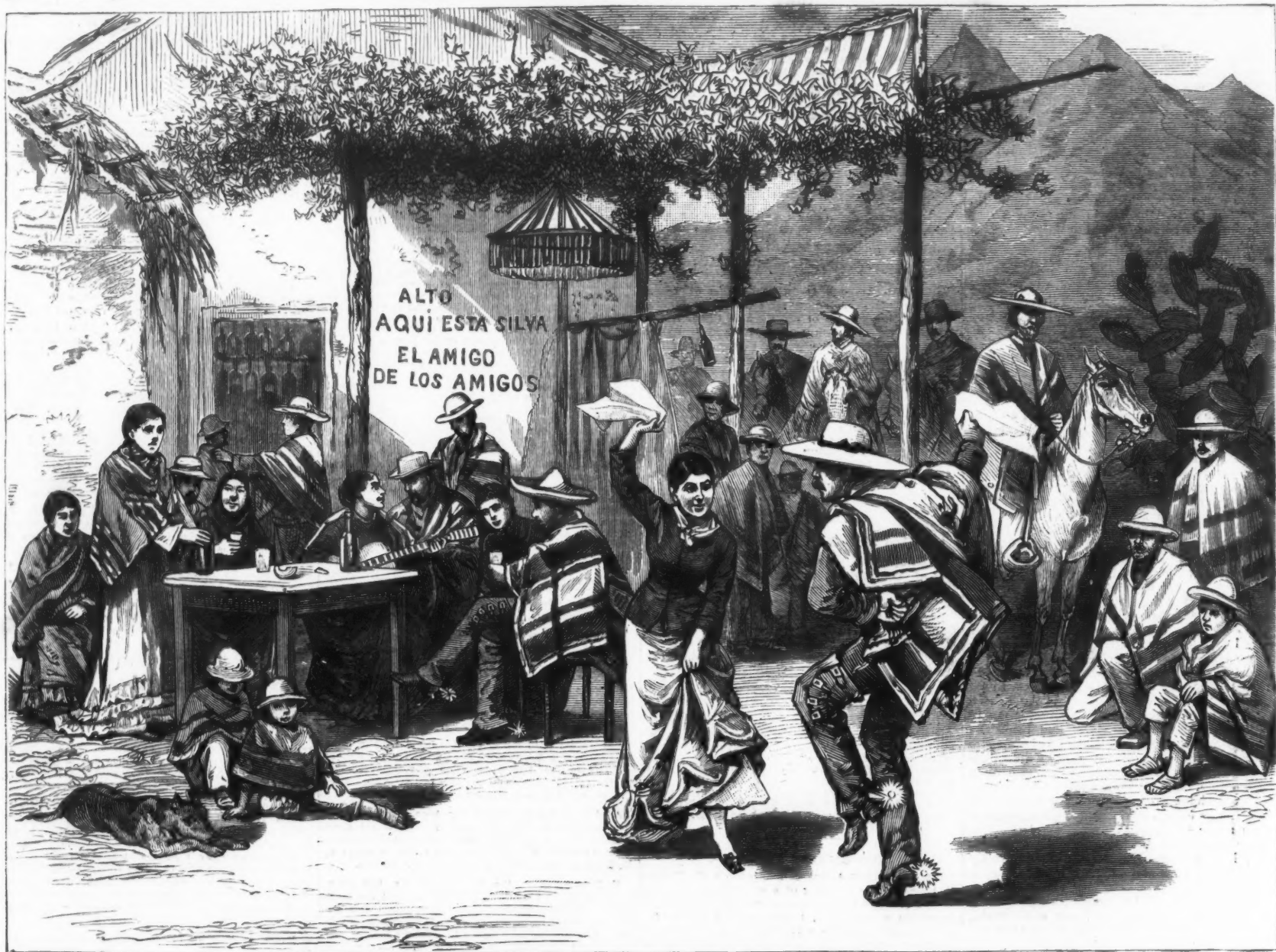
PAUL O. HERBERT, ex-Governor of Louisiana, died in New Orleans on August 29th, in the sixty-second year of his age. He was a graduate of West Point, and colonel in the Twelfth United States Infantry in the Mexican war. He resigned from the army, became a planter, and afterwards State Engineer of Louisiana. In 1852 he was elected Governor of the State, serving, and during the war was a Confederate brigadier-general. For ninety hours previous to his death he had been unconscious, during part of which time he had been traveling from Alleghany Springs, Alabama, in accordance with his desire to die at home. A year ago he was stricken with paralysis, which was followed by cancer of the tongue.

A FRIEND of the Princess Constantine declares that her sister, Mlle. Blanc, will not marry Roland Bonaparte. The co-heiress of the late Monaco "boss" is not satisfied with the prospects of imperialism in France, and shrinks from being inebriated with the poverty-stricken family of her princely suitor, which, according to the civil code, she would be. They would force her to support them according to her wealth. She would be under the obligation to provide for the brave but very bearish Prince Pierre, his wife, who is an artisan's daughter, and her parents. The probability of a set off in the form of imperial honors is very remote. Mlle. Blanc turns her eyes towards Rome, and would be well satisfied to become Duchess de Brachi.

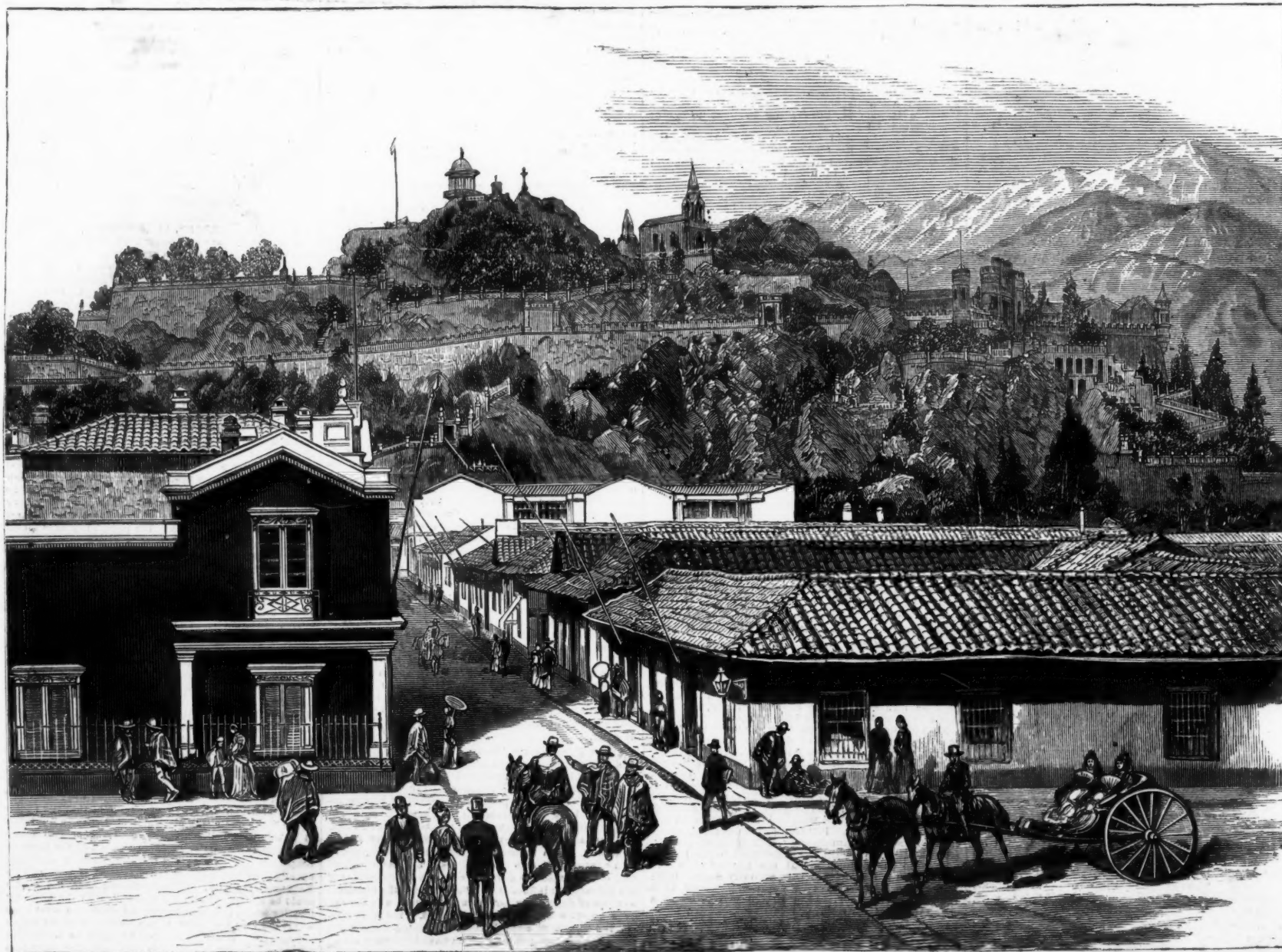
MR. MAURICE GRAU's new French Opera Company reached here last week. The troupe consists of about fifty regular performers, besides eighteen members of the chorus. The most prominent artists in the troupe are Mlle. Paule Marie, an old favorite of the New York theatre-going public; Mlle. Marie Albert, formerly engaged at the Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiennes, the Théâtre des Variétés and the Folies Dramatiques; Mlle. Pauline Marie, from the Grand Theatres of Nantes and Bordeaux, and Mlle. Josephine Schaeffer; M. Joseph Mouras, a tenor, formerly engaged at the Opéra Comique; M. Tauffenberger, a tenor from the Théâtre de la Renaissance; M. Nigri, from the same theatre, and M. Bernard, baritone, of the Opéra Comique, in Paris.

In addition to the many duties falling upon the Crown-Prince of Germany as heir-apparent, he has now imposed upon himself the task of finding the remains of certain of his ancestors. It was thought that the vaults of the dome and of the old castle at Berlin, with those at Potsdam and Hohenzollern, and one or two other known places, contained all that was left of the German Emperor's forefathers; but recently, when a thorough examination was made, it became apparent that of two Hohenzollerns who ruled in the Middle Ages, not a bone could be shown. The Prince declared, with the knightly look for which his physiognomy is remarkable, that "he would see that the bones of his ancestry found fitting sanctuary." Much digging is now going on about the Schloss, at Berlin, where, it is presumed, the ancestors searched for were buried.



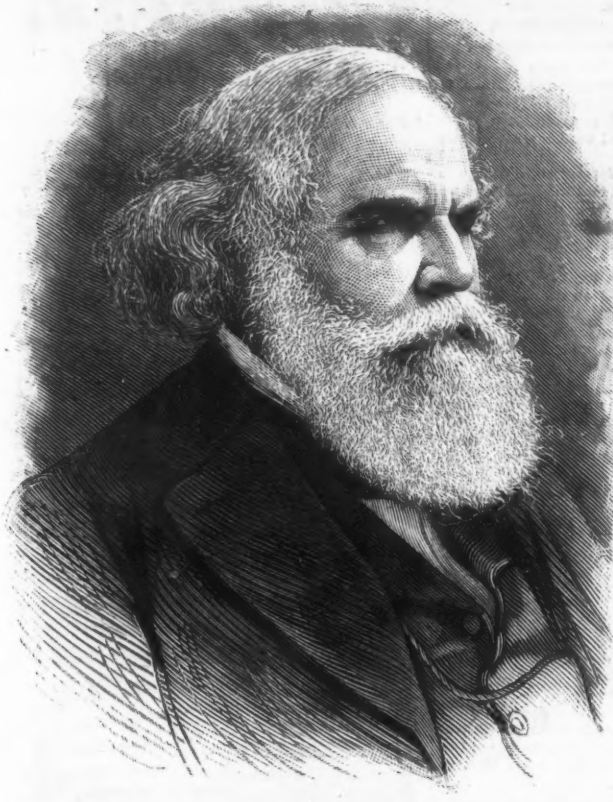


CHILE.—THE CUECA, OR NATIONAL DANCE—A SCENE IN A ROADSIDE INN NEAR VALPARAISO.



CHILE.—VIEW OF SANTA LUCIA, THE PLEASURE RESORT OF THE CITY OF SANTIAGO.—SEE PAGE 43.





JOHN L. SIBLEY, A. M., LIBRARIAN EMERITUS OF HARVARD COLLEGE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. PACH.

JOHN L. SIBLEY.

MORE than two generations of Harvard students are familiar with the face of John Langdon Sibley, the librarian emeritus. Mr. Sibley was born December 29th, 1804, at Union, Me. He entered Phillips Exeter Academy in the summer of 1819, and was soon placed on the charity foundation. In 1821 he matriculated at Harvard College, and was appointed "president's freshman" under President Kirkland. His connection with the library began while he was an undergraduate; his vacations being spent in writing for the library, and otherwise assisting the librarian. Graduating in 1825, he entered the divinity school, and began his official connection with the library as assistant librarian, on a salary of \$150, the librarian then receiving but \$300.

In May, 1829, Mr. Sibley was formally ordained as pastor of the First Church in Stow, where he remained until 1833, when his love for the college induced him to return to Cambridge. During the next eight years he devoted himself principally to literary work, for a part of the time being editor and proprietor of the *American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge*.

In 1841 the library was removed to Gore Hall, and Mr. Sibley was again appointed assistant librarian. The librarian at that time was Dr. Thaddeus Wm. Harris, the well known American

entomologist. At his death, in 1856, Mr. Sibley was appointed librarian, which position he held until he became librarian emeritus, in 1877, his retirement from active work in the library being caused by his advanced age and temporary loss of sight. During his administration, and largely as the result of his personal efforts, the library grew from 41,000 volumes to 164,000, besides almost as many pamphlets, and the permanent fund increased from \$5,000 to \$170,000.

Mr. Sibley lived a celibate life in Divinity Hall from 1826, the date of its first occupancy, to 1886, with the exception of six years and a half. There he prepared his "History of Union, Me.," and his "Index to John Adams's Work." Twenty years were spent in Room No. 15. In 1866 he was married to Charlotte Augusta Langdon Cook, Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody officiating. For the last thirty-two years he has acted as chorister in the 78th Psalm at the commencement dinner; succeeding in 1849, Rev. Dr. John Pierce (1793), of Brookline, who had performed the same part during the preceding fifty years. In 1856 Mr. Sibley received the honorary degree of A. M. from Bowdoin College, and since 1846 he has been an active member of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Mr. Sibley's published works are:  
"Index to the Writings of George Washington." 1837.

"A History of the Town of Union, in the County of Lincoln, Me., to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century; with a Family Register of the Settlers before the year 1800, and of their Descendants." 1851.

"Index to the Works of John Adams." Boston, 1853.

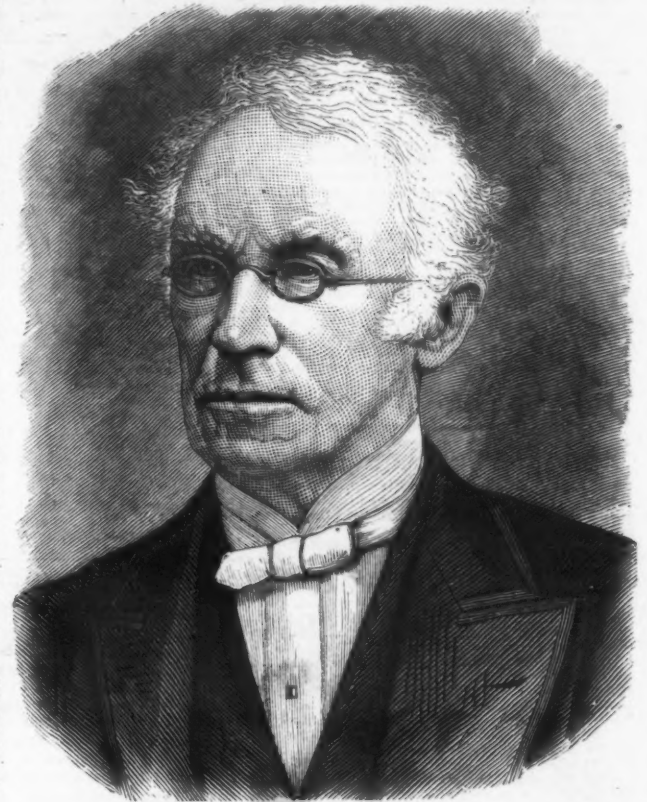
"Fort Pownall and Brigadier Waldo." New England Historical and Genealogical Register, April, 1859.

"Notices of Account Books of Treasurers of Harvard College from 1669 to 1752." Printed in the "Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society," November, 1862.

"Notices of the Triennial and Annual Catalogues of Harvard University; with a Reprint of the Catalogues of 1674, 1682 and 1700." 8vo. Boston, 1865.

"Biographical Sketch of Cyrus Eaton," a remarkable self-made man. Printed in "Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for Feb., 1875."

He also edited the American reprint of George Chalmers's "Introduction to the History of the Colonies," giving, from the State papers, a comprehensive view of their revolt. Two volumes, 8vo., Boston, 1845. The London edition of this work, 1782, was suppressed at the first volume, and the American edition was printed from the author's manuscript. The most important as well as the most laborious of Mr. Sibley's publications is his "Biographical Sketches of Graduates of Harvard Uni-

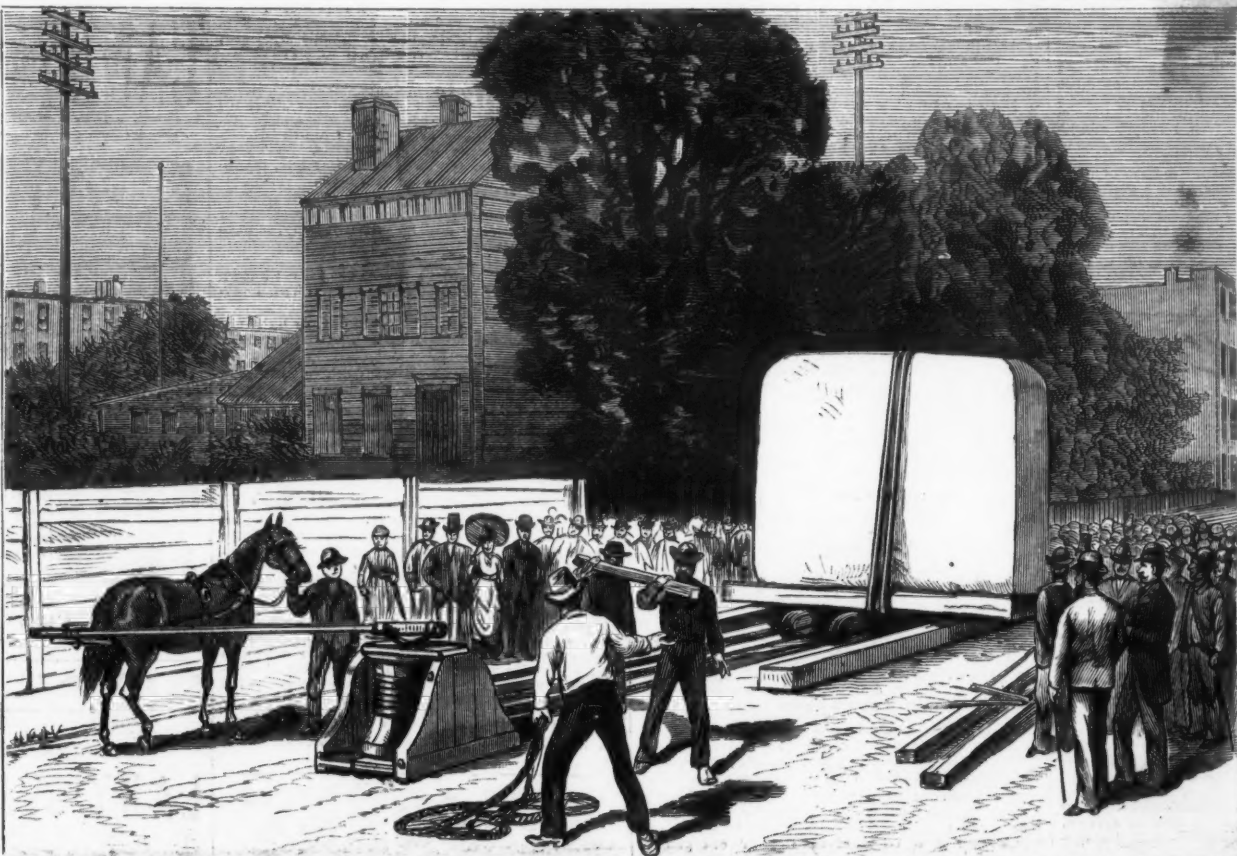


THE LATE REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—FROM A PHOTO. BY BOGARDUS.

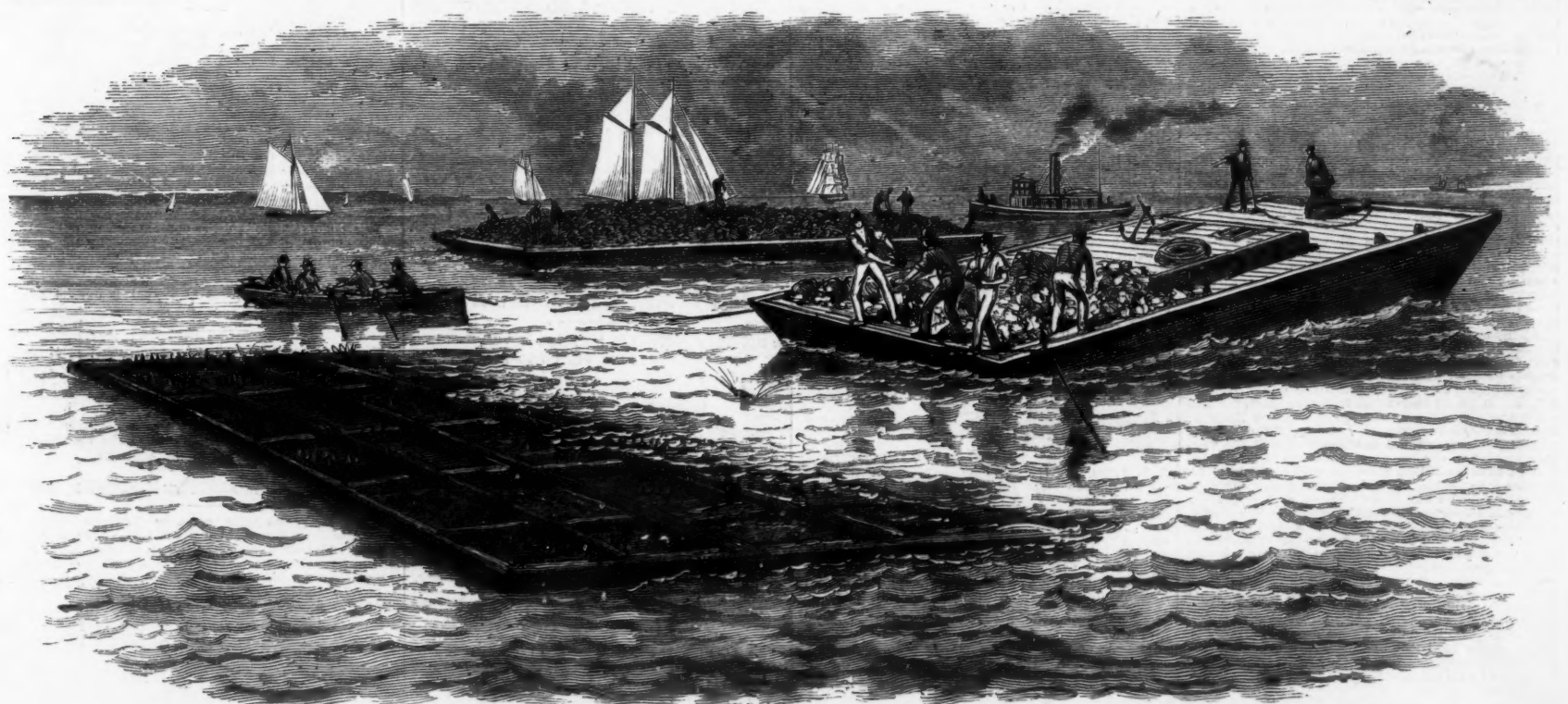
versity," the first and only work of the kind published in America; "the fruit of an incredible amount of patient and judicious labor, and, while of special value as a record of the college, it is second in importance to no contribution to the early history of New England." The first volume, a royal octavo, was issued in 1873; and Mr. Sibley, now in his seventy-sixth year, with his mental faculties and physical constitution fully competent to the task, is laboriously at work on the second volume, which, uniform with the first, will probably be issued during the present year. That he appreciates the assistance shown him in acquiring the foundation of his education sufficiently appears from the fact that he began in 1860, and has since continued, a series of gifts to Phillips Exeter Academy, which now amounts to \$30,000, and the income from which is ultimately to be employed in the assistance of needy and meritorious students.

THE LATE DR. WM. ADAMS.

THE Rev. William Adams, D.D., LL.D., who died at Orange, N. J., on the morning of August 31st, was one of the best-known Presbyterian clergymen, not only in this country, but in the world. An unusually successful ministry, extending over forty years, endeared him to thousands in this city, who will mourn his loss with as



NEW YORK CITY.—REMOVAL OF THE PEDESTAL OF THE OBELISK FROM THE WHARF TO THE SITE IN CENTRAL PARK.—SEE PAGE 46.



SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE SOUTH IN 1880.—CONSTRUCTION OF JETTIES FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF CHARLESTON HARBOR.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 43.



sincere regret as his more intimate friends and relatives.

In the death of Dr. Adams the Union Theological Seminary of this city loses one of the most accomplished and earnest of its Presidents, and the Christian world loses a teacher whom it will be difficult to replace.

Dr. Adams was in his seventy-fourth year, and forty nine of these years were passed in the service of the Church. He was born in Colchester, Conn., January 25th, 1807. His father, John Adams, LL.D., who died in 1863, at the ripe age of ninety-one, was the Principal of the Academy in Colchester when young William was born. While the future clergyman was still an infant, however, his father removed to Andover, Mass., and took charge of the Academy there.

Young Adams first passed through the Andover Academy, when, having finished his course at the Academy, he was sent to Yale, and then, having determined to embrace the ministry as his profession, he went to the Andover Theological Seminary, where he studied under the Rev. Drs. Stuart, Woods and Porter. He graduated from this institution in 1830, at the age of twenty-three, and in February of the following year he was ordained a Presbyterian minister, and settled over the First Presbyterian Church of Brighton, Mass.

Resigning this charge to visit the South on account of the ill-health of himself and his wife, he was induced to fill the pulpit of the old Pearl Street Presbyterian Church, in New York, for a short time, until arrangements could be made for supplying it permanently, and before this engagement terminated the simple eloquence of the preacher had so impressed those who listened to him that he was called to the pastorate of the Broome Street Presbyterian Church.

For nineteen years Dr. Adams labored zealously in the old Broome Street Church, and the result of his zeal was that the Central Presbyterian Church, as it was known in the Presbytery, prospered and increased to a wonderful degree. During the nineteen years of his Broome Street pastorate he was continually writing for the religious press of this city, and the initials "W. A." soon came to be recognized by the reading public in such a manner that any article to which they were appended was sure to be read and considered. It was decided to abandon the old church and build a new edifice. Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street was selected as the site, and what is now known as the Madison Square Presbyterian Church was opened by Dr. Adams in November, 1854.

Over this magnificent church Dr. Adams presided for twenty years, and the work which he accomplished here was herculean. His fame grew from year to year, and calls to other pulpits flowed in upon him steadily, but he declined them all. In 1871 the Union Theological Seminary of this city elected him Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology in the institution, but he declined to accept the chair. In 1873 Dr. Adams, then sixty-seven years of age, was induced to accept a position in the Faculty. He was elected President of the Seminary and assigned to the Chair of Sacred Rhetoric. On October 24, 1873, before resigning his pastorate of the Madison Square Church, Dr. Adams welcomed the members of the Evangelical Alliance to this city. On Sunday, April 19th, 1874, Dr. Adams preached his farewell sermon to the congregation of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. He had presided over the society then for a term of forty years, and his sermon was devoted to a retrospect of the even's of those years. He announced in this sermon that the church had a membership of 3,000 persons. On May 4th, 1874, the Presbytery of New York passed a resolution of regret at his leaving the pulpit, and a week later, May 11th, he was installed as President of the Union Theological Seminary, which position he held to the day of his death.

#### THE OBELISK PEDESTAL.

IN our last issue we gave a view of the steamer *Dresden* on the dry dock at Clifton, Staten Island, and described the method to be adopted for removing the obelisk from the hold of the ship. This week the huge pedestal is shown on the trucks constructed to carry it to the site in Central Park. It lay for several days last week on Fifty-First Street, between Broadway and Seven Avenue, and was almost constantly surrounded by an eager crowd, searching for the Masonic emblems.

#### The Cunard Steamship Company.

MR. SAMUEL CUNARD was one of the first to foresee the great results that might be achieved by the establishment of steam communication between the United States and England; and as far back as the year 1830, in his quiet home in Nova Scotia, his mind was busily engaged in thinking over the best means of carrying out this project. In 1838 Mr. Cunard went to England, eagerly bent upon putting his idea into actual operation, and, introduced by Sir James Melville, of the India House, he presented himself to Mr. Robert Napier, of Glasgow, the eminent marine engineer, and the result of their deliberations was that Mr. Cunard gave Mr. Napier an order to make four steamships for the Atlantic service. The four vessels were to be of 900 tons each and 300-horse power. Mr. Napier advised the building of larger vessels, and ultimately it was arranged that the four vessels should each be of 1,200 tons burden and 440-horse power. The project now assumed a proportion which was beyond the resources of a single private individual, and Mr. Cunard and Mr. Napier, taking counsel together, hit upon the idea of forming a company. Messrs. Burns, of Glasgow, and Messrs. Melver, of Liverpool, after having run coasting steamers in keen rivalry for several years, had in 1830 amalgamated their undertakings and this firm of Burns & Melver was, at the time that Mr. Samuel Cunard went to England, one of the most prosperous shipping companies in England. The proposal to form an Atlantic steamship company was mooted to Messrs. Burns & Melver by Mr. Napier, and the outcome of this was the establishment in 1839 of the British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. About this time the British Government decided, on grounds of public convenience, as well as with the view of promoting the extension of steam navigation, to abandon the curious old brigs which had been used for so many years for the conveyance of the mails across the Atlantic, and to substitute steam mail boats. The Admiralty, accordingly, advertised for tenders for the execution of that service, and the Great Western Steam Shipping Company and the newly-formed company of Messrs. Cunard, Burns & Melver were the principal competitors. The tender of the latter firm was accepted, and a seven years' contract was at once entered into between the Lords of the Admiralty on the one part and Samuel Cunard, George Burns and David Melver on the other part, for the conveyance of mails between Liverpool and Halifax, Boston and Quebec, in consideration of the annual sum of \$300,000. One of the conditions of the bargain was that the ships engaged in this service should be of sufficient strength and capacity to be used as troop-ships in case of necessity. The first four ships built under Mr. Napier's direction for the Cunard Company were the *Britannia*, the *Acadia*, the *Calcutta* and the *Columbia*. It was on the 4th of July, 1840, that the *Britannia* set out from Liverpool to make for the new company the first trip across the Atlantic. Liverpool was in a condition of great excitement on the day of the vessel's departure, thousands of people crowded the quays to watch her out, and it was felt that a new era of oceanic intercourse had been begun by this memorable event. The ship's destination was Boston, New York not being made the port of communication for the Cunard steamers until 1848. Mr. Cunard sailed in the *Britannia* on its initial voyage, and had the satisfaction

of witnessing the vessel's safe arrival at Boston, after having called at Halifax, within 14 days and 8 hours of leaving Liverpool.

#### FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE

For October contains as its leading article an important and timely contribution from the facile pen of Mr. Alfred H. Guernsey, entitled "The Christians in the Turkish Empire," tracing the history and present condition of the various branches of the Christian Church in the Sultan's dominions. It is profusely illustrated. A biographical sketch, with portrait, of Mrs. Felicia Hemans, affords pleasant reading; and a pretty little poem, "The Bathing Magpie," is accompanied by two beautiful full-page illustrations from the pencil of the celebrated artist, Giamelli. The story "Circumstance," by Albert Wallwyn, is especially good, and will attract those who read it. Herbert Lee's sketch of "Pontius Pilate" takes a new view of the character of that historic personage. Mr. Godfrey A. Hudson has an extremely interesting paper on a legendary journey in Peru, entitled "From Titicaca to Cuzco," giving an account of the origin of the Incas and their empire, which is well worth reading. It is accompanied by characteristic illustrations. "Gideon" is the subject of the Old Testament portrait and sketch. "Catherine of Siena" is a very valuable contribution to literature, and timely, affording an insight into the inner life of the Church in the Middle Ages. The two serials, "Hester Morgan's Husband" and "Maid Marjory," are continued, and increase in interest. The Magazine is crowded with good things, and there's not a dull page in it from cover to cover. Issued Friday, September 10th.

#### OBITUARY.

JOHN H. CRAWFORD.

THE declaration of Holy Writ, "In the midst of life we are in death," was never, perhaps, more strikingly exemplified than in the sad and sudden demise of Mr. John H. Crawford, late chief book-keeper in the house of James McCreery & Co., New York City. He was absent on his vacation tour and making an excursion on board a steamboat on Lake Ontario; he went up to the quarter-deck with a friend for a promenade, and in a few minutes the friend returned below; he took a seat on the taffrail, fearlessly balancing himself, thoughtless of danger; the boat lurched, and he was thrown backwards into the water. A vigorous struggle with the waves, the arrest of the boat in her course and ineffectual efforts for his rescue, and the hungry waters of the lake closed over him, and he was lost to human sight—doubtless for all time!

Mr. Crawford was born near London, England; he came to America about nine years ago, and was twenty-seven years of age at the time of his death. He had received a fair general education and thorough training for the business in which he engaged. He had begun a career of active and cheerful industry, and gave promise of much usefulness; and in his exactitude and honesty of purpose in his chosen calling, he furnished an example to all with whom he was associated. He was modest in self-appreciation, but confident in his convictions of right and duty. A companion says of him: "Instinct with all that makes life beautiful, with the brightest hopes and noblest aspirations of manhood, possessed of exalted sentiments, warm affection and tender sympathies, in the Spring-time of life he was cut from us, but a host of hallowed recollections cluster around his memory. Who now can heal the anguish of his mother's heart? Who can picture the sorrow of those to whom he was near and dear? Who can comfort those of his associates that, in daily and intimate intercourse with him, were cheered by his friendship or gladdened by his love?" He left behind him a reputation free from blemish or suspicion, and the heartfelt distress in his death experienced by his employers testifies to his integrity. While a shadow mingles the brow of one and another in the house, it is said: "John Crawford was never heard to speak ill of any one," and so

"None names him but to praise."

#### FUN.

IN France, Mr. Aldrich's story, "The Stillwater Tragedy," is called "La Tragedie de la Pacificque."

TIMES have greatly changed. In early days it was the Christians who bore many stripes, but now it is the Penitentiary birds.

A PAIR were married at Newport, R. I., recently, after an unbroken courtship of thirty-five years. That is what may be called a slow match.

"Is the train behind time?" inquired a gentleman at the station. "No, sir," replied the porter; "it's not behind time, sir; but it's just behind the bridge beyond there."

THE Prince of Wales's two sons are somewhat lively. While on a sea voyage recently, the younger was heard to exclaim, "Come, bub, tune up your fiddle and give us 'God save your old grandmother.'"

BELIEVERS in metempsychosis have had their faith refreshed by the recent birth of a child, who upon coming into the world, made a searching scrutiny of his surroundings, and, sinking back in his nurse's arms, remarked: "Thank heaven, at last I have got myself born into a family that is comfortably fixed!"

AN Englishman related yesterday that, being at Naples, while taking tea with his wife a thunder-bolt entered the chamber and the poor woman was reduced to dust. "Ah, mon Dieu!" cried one of his auditors. "What did you do—what did you say?" The Englishman, coldly, "I rang and told John to sweep up his mistress."

ELDER SISTER (tired): "Do let's turn back, we are so far from home; thunderstorms are so frequent, too; and you know how frightened I am of lightning. Younger Sister (not tired; wants to go further): "Come on, it's fine enough now; you needn't be frightened of lightning, it won't touch you. You're not particularly attractive."

A YOUNG couple in their honeymoon are dallying languidly with the grapes at dessert. She (archly): "And you don't find it tiresome, dear, all alone with me? You are quite, quite sure that you don't wish to go back to your bachelor life again?" He (earnestly): "Quite, my darling; indeed married life is so awfully jolly that, you know, if you were to die to night, I'd get married again to-morrow."

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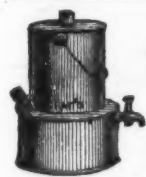
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